THE

ADVENTURES

OF

DAVID SIMPLE:

Containing

An ACCOUNT of his TRAVELS

Through the

CITIES of *LONDON* and *WESTMINSTER*,

In the Search of

A REAL FRIEND.

By a LADY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE FOURTH EDITION,

Reviſed and Corrected, with Alterations and Additions.

With a PREFACE

By HENRY FIELDING, *Eſq*;

DUBLIN:

Printed for PETER WILSON, in *Dame-ſtreet.*

M,DCC,LXI.


BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL

THE PREFACE.

AS ſo many worthy Perſons have, I am told, aſcribed the Honour of this Performance to me, they will not be ſurprized at ſeeing my Name to this Preface: Nor am I very inſincere, when I call it an Honour; for if the Authors of the Age are amongſt the Number of thoſe who have conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I ſhall return the Compliment of ſuch a Suſpicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the Reputation, well knowing that ſome Writings may be juſtly laid to my Charge, of a Merit greatly inferior to that of the following Work; had not the Imputation directly accuſed me of Falſhood, in breaking a Promiſe, which I have ſolemnly made in Print, of never publiſhing, even a Pamphlet, without ſetting my Name to it: A Promiſe I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and, for the Sake of Men's Characters, I wiſh all other Writers

were by Law obliged to uſe the ſame Method: but, 'till they are, I ſhall no longer impoſe any ſuch Reſtraint on myſelf.

A ſecond Reaſon which induces me to refute this Untruth, is, that it may have a Tendency to injure me in a Profeſſion, to which I have applied with ſo arduous and intent a Diligence, that I have had no Leiſure, if I had Inclination, to compoſe any Thing of this Kind. Indeed I am very far from entertaining ſuch an Inclination; I know the Value of the Reward, which Fame confers on Authors, too well, to endeavour any longer to obtain it; nor was the World ever more unwilling to beſtow the glorious, envied Prize of the Laurel or Bays, than I ſhould now be to receive any Garland or Fool's Cap. There is not, I believe (and it is bold to affirm) a ſingle *Free Briton* in this Kingdom, who hates his Wife more heartily than I deteſt the Muſes. They have indeed behaved to me like the moſt infamous Harlots, and have laid many a ſpurious, as well as deformed Production at my Door: In all which, my good Friends the Critics have, in their profound Diſcernment, diſcovered ſome Reſemblance of the Parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the Author of half the Scurrility, Bawdy, Treaſon and Blaſphemy, which theſe few laſt Years have produced.

I am far from thinking every Perſon who hath thus aſperſed me, had a determinate Deſign of doing me an Injury; I impute it only to an idle childiſh Levity, which poſſeſſes too many Minds, and makes them report their Conjectures as Matters of Fact, without weighing the Proof, or conſidering the Conſequence. But as to the former of theſe, my Readers will do well to examine their own Talents very ſtrictly, before they are too thoroughly convinced of their Ability to diſtinguiſh an Author's

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thor's Style ſo accurately, as from that only to pronounce an anonymous Work to be his: And as to the latter, a little Reflection will convince them of the Cruelty they are guilty of by ſuch Reports. For my own Part, I can aver, that there are few Crimes, of which I ſhould have been more aſhamed, than of ſome Writings laid to my Charge. I am as well aſſured of the Injuries I have ſuffered from ſuch unjuſt Imputations, not only in general Character, but as they have, I conceive, frequently raiſed me inveterate Enemies, in Perſons to whoſe Diſadvantage I have never entertained a ſingle Thought; nay, in Men whoſe Characters, and even Names have been unknown to me.

Among all the Scurrilities with which I have been accuſed, (tho' equally and totally innocent of every one) none ever raiſed my Indignation ſo much as the *Cauſidicade:* this accuſed me not only of being a bad Writer, and a bad Man, but with downright Idiotiſm, in flying in the Face of the greateſt Men of my Profeſſion. I take therefore this Opportunity to proteſt, that I never ſaw that infamous, paultry Libel, till long after it had been in Print; nor can any Man hold it in greater Contempt and Abhorrence than myſelf.

The Reader will pardon my dwelling ſo long on this Subject, as I have ſuffered ſo cruelly by theſe Aſperſions in my own Eaſe, in my Reputation, and in my Intereſt. I ſhall however henceforth treat ſuch Cenſure with the Contempt it deſerves; and do here revoke the Promiſe I formerly made; ſo that I ſhall now look upon myſelf at full Liberty to publiſh a n anonymous Work, without any Breach of Faith. For tho' probably I ſhall never make any uſe of this Liberty, there is no Reaſon why I ſhould be under a Reſtraint, for which I have not enjoyed the purpoſed Recompence.

A third, and indeed the ſtrongeſt Reaſon which hath drawn me into Print, is to do Juſtice to the real and ſole Author of this little Book; who, notwithſtanding the many excellent Obſervations diſperſed through it, and the deep Knowledge of Human Nature it diſcovers, is a young Woman; one ſo nearly and dearly allied to me, in the higheſt Friendſhip as well as Relation, that if ſhe had wanted any Aſſiſtance of mine, I would have been as ready to have given it her, as I would have been juſt to my Word in owning it: but in reality, two or three Hints which aroſe on the reading it, and ſome little Direction as to the Conduct of the ſecond Volume, much the greater Part of which I never ſaw till in Print, were all the Aid ſhe received from me. Indeed I believe there are few Books in the World ſo abſolutely the Author's own as this.

There were ſome Grammatical and other Errors in Style in the firſt Impreſſion, which my Abſence from Town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, tho' in great Haſte, in this Edition: By comparing the one with the other, the Reader may ſee, if he thinks it worth his While, the Share I have in this Book, as it now ſtands, and which amounts to little more than the Correction of ſome ſmall Errors, which Want of Habit in Writing chiefly occaſioned, and which no Man of Learning would think worth his Cenſure in a Romance; nor any Gentleman, in the Writings of a young Woman.

And as the Faults of this Work want very little Excuſe, ſo its beauties want as little Recommendation: tho' I will not ſay but they may ſometimes ſtand in need of being pointed out to the generality of Readers. For as the Merit of this Work conſiſts in a vaſt Penetration into human Nature, a deep and profound Diſcernment of all the Mazes, Windings and Labyrinths, which

which perplex the Heart of Man to ſuch a degree, that he is himſelf often incapable of ſeeing through them; and as this is the greateſt, nobleſt, and rareſt of all the Talents which conſtitute a Genius; ſo a much larger Share of this Talent is neceſſary, even to recognize theſe Diſcoveries, when they are laid before us, than falls to the ſhare of a common Reader. Such beauties therefore in an Author muſt be contented to paſs often unobſerved and untaſted; whereas, on the contrary, the Imperfections of this little Book, which ariſe, not from want of Genius, but of Learning, lie open to the Eyes of every Fool, who has had a little *Latin* inoculated into his Tail; but had the ſame great Quantity of Birch been better employ'd, in ſcourging away his ill-nature, he would not have expoſed it in endeavouring to cavil at the firſt performance of one, whoſe Sex and Age entitle her to the gentleſt Criticiſm while her Merit of an infinitely higher kind, may defy the ſevereſt. But I believe the Warmth of my Friendſhip hath led me to engage a Critic of my own Imagination only: for I ſhould be ſorry to conceive ſuch a one had any real Exiſtence. If however ſuch Compoſition of Folly, Meanneſs and Malevolence ſhould actually exiſt, he muſt be as incapable of Conviction, as unworthy of an Anſwer. I ſhall therefore proceed to the more pleaſing Taſk of pointing out ſome of the Beauties of this little Work.

I have attempted in my Preface *Joſeph* to *Andrews* to prove, that every Work of this kind is in its Nature a comic Epic Poem, of which *Homer* left us a Precedent, tho' it be unhappily loſt.

The two great originals of a ſerious Air, which we have derived from that mighty Genius, differ principally in the Action, which in the *Iliad* is intire and uniform; in the *Odyſſey*, is rather a Series of Actions, all tending to produce one great End. *Virgil* and *Milton* are, I think, the only pure Imitators of the former; moſt of

the other *Latin*, as well as *Italian*, *French*, and *Engliſh* Epic Poets, chuſing rather the Hiſtory of ſome War, as *Lucan* and *Silius Italicus*; or a Series of Adventures as *Arioſto*, *&c.* for the Subject of their Poems.

In the ſame manner the Comic Writer may either fix on one Action, as the Authors of *Le Lutrin*, the *Dunciad*, *&c.* or on a Series as *Butler* in Verſe, and *Cervantes* in Proſe have done.

Of this latter kind is the Book now before us, where the Fable conſiſts of a Series of ſeparate Adventures detached from, and independent on each other, yet all tending to one great End; ſo that thoſe who ſhould object want of Unity of Action here, may, if they pleaſe, or if they dare, fly back with their Objection, in the Face even of the *Odyſſey* itſelf.

This Fable hath in it theſe three difficult Ingredients, which will be found on Conſideration to be always neceſſary to Works of this kind, *viz.* that the main End or Scope be at once amiable, ridiculous and natural.

If it be ſaid, that ſome of the Comic Performances, I have above mentioned, differ in the firſt of theſe, and ſet before us the odious inſtead of the amiable; I anſwer that is far from being one of their Perfections; and of this the Authors themſelves ſeem ſo ſenſible, that they endeavour to deceive their Reader by falſe Gloſſes and Colours, and by the help of Irony at leaſt to repreſent the Aim and Deſign of their Heroes in a favourable and agreeable Light.

I might farther obſerve, that as the Incidents ariſing from this Fable, tho' often ſurprizing, are every where natural, (Credibility not being once ſhocked through the whole) ſo there is one Beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the greateſt of Critics to the greateſt

of

of Poets, that every Epiſode bears a manifeſt Impreſſion of the Principal Deſign, and chiefly turns on the Perfection or Imperfection of Friendſhip; of which noble Paſſion, from its higheſt Purity to its loweſt Falſhoods and Diſguiſes, this little Book is, in my Opinion, the moſt exact Model.

As to the Characters here deſcribed, I ſhall repeat the Saying of one of the greateſt Men of this Age, *That they are as wonderfully drawn by the Writer, as they were by* Nature *herſelf.* There are many Strokes in *Orgueil*, *Spatter*, *Varniſh*, *Le-vif*, the *Balancer*, and ſome others, which would have ſhined in the Pages of *Theophraſtus*, *Horace*, or *La Bruyere.* Nay, there are ſome Touches which I will venture to ſay might have done honour to the Pencil of the immortal *Shakeſpear* himſelf.

The Sentiments are in general extremely delicate; thoſe particularly which regard Friendſhip, are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have any where met with: Nor can I help remarking, that the Author hath been ſo careful, in juſtly adapting them to her Characters, that a very indifferent Reader, after he is in the leaſt acquainted with the Character of the Speaker, can ſeldom fail of applying every Sentiment to the perſon who utters it. Of this we have the ſtrongeſt inſtances in *Cynthia* and *Camilla*, where the lively Spirit of the former, and the gentle Softneſs of the latter, breathe through every Sentence which drops from either of them.

The Diction I ſhall ſay no more of, than as it is the laſt and loweſt Perfection in a Writer, and one which many of great Genius ſeem to have little regarded; ſo I muſt allow my Author to have the leaſt Merit on this Head: Many Errors in Style exiſting in the firſt Edition, and ſome, I am convinced, remaining ſtill uncured in this;

this; but Experience and Habit will moſt certainly remove this Objection; for a good Style, as well as a good Hand in Writing, is chiefly learn'd by Practice.

I ſhall here finiſh theſe ſhort Remarks on this little Book, which have been drawn from me by thoſe People, who have very falſely and impertinently called me it's Author. I declare I have ſpoken no more than my real Sentiments of it, nor can I ſee why any Relation or Attachment to Merit, ſhould reſtrain me from its Commendation.

The true Reaſon why ſome have been ſo backward in giving this Book it's juſt Praiſe, and why others have ſought after ſome more known and experienced Author for it, is, I apprehend, no other than an Aſtoniſhment how one ſo young, and in appearance, ſo unacquainted with the World, ſhould know ſo much both of the better and worſe Part, as is here exemplified: But in reality a very little Knowledge of the World will afford an Obſerver, moderately accurate, ſufficient Inſtances of Evil: and a ſhort Communication with her own Heart will leave the Author of this Book very little to ſeek abroad of all the Good which is to be found in Human Nature.

HENRY FIELDING.



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THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *DAVID SIMPLE.*

BOOK I.

The Birth, Parentage, and Education of Mr. DAVID SIMPLE.

MR. *David Simple* was the eldeſt Son of Mr. *Daniel Simple*, a Mercer on *Ludgate-hill*. His Mother was a downright Country Woman, who originally got her Living by Plain-Work; but being handſome, was liked by Mr. *Simple*. When, or where this Couple met, or what happened to them during their Courtſhip, is foreign to my preſent Purpoſe, nor do I really know. But they were married, and lived many Years together, a very honeſt and induſtrious Life; to which it was owing, that they were able to provide very well for their Children. They had only two Sons, *David* and *Daniel*, who, as ſoon as capable of learning, were ſent to a pub-

lick School, and kept there in a Manner which put them on a Level with Boys of a ſuperior Degree, and they were reſpected equally with thoſe born in the higheſt Station. This indeed their Behaviour demanded; for there never appeared any thing mean in their Actions, and Nature had given them Parts enough to converſe with the moſt ingenious of their School-fellows. The ſtrict Friendſhip they kept up was remarked by the whole School; whoever affronted the one, made an Enemy of the other; and while there was any Money in either of their Pockets, the other was ſure never to want it: the Notion of whoſe Property it was, being the laſt Thing that ever entered into their Heads. The eldeſt, who was of a ſober, prudent Diſpoſition, had always enough to ſupply his Brother, who was much more profuſe in his Expences; and I have often heard him ſay, (for this Hiſtory is all taken from his own Mouth) that one of the greateſt Pleaſures he ever had in his Life, was in the Reflections he uſed to make at that Time, that he was able to ſupply and aſſiſt his dear Brother; and whenever he ſaw him but look as if he wanted any Thing, he would immediately bring out all the Money he had, and deſire him to take whatever he had occaſion for. On the other Hand, *Daniel* was in ſome Reſpects uſeful to him, for altho' he had not half the real Underſtanding, or Parts, yet he was what the World calls a much ſharper Boy, that is, he had more Cunning, and conſequently being more ſuſpicious, would often keep his Brother from being impoſed on; who, as he was too young to have gained much Experience, and never had any ill Deſigns on others, never thought of their having any upon him. He paid a perfect Deference to his Brother's Wiſdom, from finding, that whenever he marked out a Boy as one that would behave ill, it always proved ſo in the End. He was ſometimes indeed quite amazed how *Daniel* came by ſo much Knowledge; but then his great Love and Partiality to him, eaſily made him impute it to his uncommon Sagacity; and he often pleaſed himſelf with the Thoughts of having ſuch a Brother.

THUS theſe two Brothers lived together at School in the moſt perfect Unity and Friendſhip, till the eldeſt was Seventeen; at which Time they were ſent for from School,

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School, on their Father's being ſeized with a violent Fever. He recovered of that Diſtemper, but it weakened him ſo much, that he fell into a Conſumption, in which he lingered a Twelvemonth, and then died. The Loſs of ſo good a Father was ſenſibly felt by the tender-hearted *David*; he was in the utmoſt Affliction, till by Philoſophical Conſiderations, aſſiſted by a natural Calmneſs he had in his own Temper, he was enabled to overcome his Grief, and began again to enjoy his former Serinity of Mind. His Brother, who was of a much gayer Diſpoſition, ſoon recovered his Spirits; and the two Brothers ſeemed to be getting into their former State of Happineſs, when it was interrupted by the Diſcovery of ſomething in *Daniel*'s Mind, which to his fond Brother had never appeared there before; and which, whoever thinks proper to read the next Chapter, may know.

CHAP. II.

In which are ſeen the terrible Conſequences which attend Envy and Selfiſhneſs.

IT will perhaps ſurprize the Reader as much as it did poor *David*, to find that *Daniel*, notwithſtanding the Appearance of Friendſhip he had all along kept up with his Brother, was in reality one of thoſe Wretches, whoſe only Happineſs centers in themſelves; and that his Converſation with his Companions had never any other View, but in ſome Shape or other to promote his own Intereſt. To this was owing his Endeavour to keep *David* from being impoſed on, leſt his Generoſity ſhould lead him to let others ſhare his Money as well as himſelf: From this alone aroſe his Character of Wiſdom; for he could eaſily find out an ill diſpoſed Mind in another, by comparing it with what paſſed in his own Boſom. While he found it for his Benefit to pretend to the ſame delicate Way of Thinking, and ſincere Love which *David* had for him, he did not want Art enough to affect it; but as ſoon as he thought it his Intereſt to break with his Brother, he threw off the Maſk, and took no pains to conceal the Baſeneſs of his Heart.

FROM the Time they came from School, during the old Gentleman's Illneſs, *Daniel*'s only Study was, how he ſhould throw his Brother out of his Share of his Father's Patrimony, and engroſs it wholly to himſelf. The anxious Thoughts he appeared continually in, on this Account, were imputed by his good natured Friend, to a tender Concern for a Parent's Suffering; a Conſideration which much increaſed his Love for him. His Mother had a Maid, whom Mr. *Daniel* had a great Fancy for; but ſhe being a virtuous Woman, (and beſides, having a Sweet-heart in her Fellow-ſervant, whom ſhe liked much better) reſiſted all his Sollicitations, and would have nothing to ſay to him. But yet he found ſhe could not refuſe any little Preſents he made her; which convinced him ſhe was very mercenary, and made him think of a Scheme to make her ſerve his Deſigns of another Kind, ſince ſhe would not be ſubſervient to his Pleaſures. He knew his Father had given a ſealed Paper to his Brother, which he told him was his Will, with ſtrict Orders not to open it till after his Death; and, as he was not ignorant where *David* had put it, he formed a Scheme to ſteal away the real Will, and to put a forged One in its Place. But then he was greatly puzzled what he ſhould do for Witneſſes, which, as he had ſlily pumped out of an ingenious young Gentleman, his Acquaintance, who was Clerk to an Attorney, were neceſſary to the ſigning a Will. He therefore thought, if he could bribe this Girl and her Sweet-heart for this Purpoſe, he ſhould accompliſh all he deſired; for as the ſame learned Lawyer had told him, two Witneſſes were ſufficient, where the Eſtate was only perſonal, as that of his Father was. This young Woman was one of thoſe Sort of People who had been bred up to get her Living by hard Work; ſhe had been taught never to keep Company with any Man, but him ſhe intended to marry; nor to get drunk, or ſteal: for if ſhe gave Way to thoſe Things, (beſides that they were great Sins) ſhe would certainly come to be hanged; to which as ſhe had an utter Averſion, ſhe went on in an honeſt Way, and never intended to depart from it.

OUR Spark, when firſt he thought of making uſe of her, was very much afraid, leſt ſhe ſhould refuſe, and betray

betray him. But when he reflected, how impoſſible it would be for him to refuſe any Thing he thought valuable, tho' he was to be guilty of ever ſo much Treachery to obtain it, he reſolved boldly to venture on the Trial. When he firſt ſpoke to her about it, he offered her fifty Pounds; but ſhe was ſo frighten'd at the Thoughts of being acceſſary to a Forgery, that ſhe declared, "ſhe "would not do it for the whole World; for that ſhe "had more Value for her precious Soul, than for any "Thing he could give her: That as to him, he was a "Schollard, and might think of ſome Way of ſaving "himſelf; but as ſhe could neither write nor read, ſhe "muſt ſurely be d——'d." This Way of talking ſo thoroughly convinced *Daniel* of her Folly, that he made no Doubt of ſoon gaining her to his Purpoſe. He therefore made Uſe of all the moſt perſuaſive Arguments he could think of: And amongſt the reſt, he told her, that by this Means ſhe might marry the Man ſhe liked, and live with him in a very comfortable Manner. He immediately perceived this ſtaggered all her Reſolutions; and as ſoon as he ſaw ſhe could be moved, did not fear ſucceeding. He pulled out of his Pocket a Purſe with a hundred Guineas, and told them out before her, (for the Sight of Money is much more prevalent than the Idea of it) and aſſured her, that he would be better than he had promiſed her; for if ſhe would comply with his Requeſt, the whole Sum ſhe had ſeen ſhould be her's, and that ſhe and her Lover by this Means would be enabled to live in a Manner much above all the Maids ſhe uſed to converſe with. The Thoughts of being ſet above her Acquaintance quite overcame her; and, as ſhe had never been Miſtreſs of above forty Shillings at a Time, a hundred Guineas appeared ſuch an immenſe Sum, that ſhe eaſily conceived ſhe could live very well, without being obliged to work any more. This Proſpect ſo charmed her, that ſhe promiſed to do whatever he would have her: She did not doubt but ſhe could make her Sweet-heart comply, for he had never refuſed her any Thing ſince their Acquaintance began. This made *Daniel* quite happy, for every Thing elſe was plain before him. He had no Scruple on the Fellow's Account; for once get the Con-

ſent of a Woman, and that of a Man (who is vulgarly called, in Love with her) conſequently follows. For though a Man's Diſpoſition is not naturally bad, yet it is not quite certain he will have Reſolution enough to reſiſt a Woman's continual Importunities.

DANIEL took the firſt Opportunity (which quickly offered, every Thing being common between him and his Brother) of ſtealing the Will. As it was in his Father's Hand, he could eaſily forge it, for he wrote very like him; when he had done this, he had it witneſſed in Form, placed it in the room of the other, and then went away quite ſatisfied in the Succeſs of his Scheme.

THE real Affliction of *David*, on the old Gentleman's Death, prevented his immediate thinking of the Will. And *Daniel* was forced to counterfeit what he did not feel, not daring to be eager for the opening it, leſt when the Contents were known, the Truth ſhould be ſuſpected. But as ſoon as the firſt Grief was a little abated, and the Family began to be calmed, *David* deſired his Mother and Brother to walk up Stairs; then went to his Bureau, and took out the Will, and read it before them. The Contents were as follows: *Daniel* was left ſole Executor; that out of 11000 *l.* which was the Sum left, he ſhould pay his Mother 60 *l. per Annum*, and that *David* ſhould have 500 *l.* for his Fortune. They all ſtood ſpeechleſs for ſome Time, ſtaring at each other. At laſt *David* broke Silence, and embracing *Daniel*, ſaid, I hope my dear Brother will not impute my Amazement to any Concern I have, that he has ſo much the largeſt Share of my Father's Fortune. No, I do aſſure you, the only Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs, is fearing I have done any Thing to diſoblige my Father, who always behaved with ſo much Good-nature to me, and made us both ſo equal in his Care and Love, that I think he muſt have had ſome Reaſon for this laſt Action, of leaving me ſo ſmall a Matter, eſpecially as I am the elder.

HERE *Daniel* interrupted him, and began to ſwear and bluſter. He ſaid, that his Father muſt have been told

told ſome wicked Lyes of his Brother, and he was reſolved to find out the vile Incendiary. But *David* begged him to be pacified, and aſſured him he thought of it without Concern; for he knew him too well, to ſuſpect any Alteration in his Behaviour, and did not doubt but every thing would be in common amongſt them as uſual: Nay, ſo tenderly and affectionately did he love *Daniel*, that he reflected with Pleaſure how extremely happy his Life muſt be, in continually ſharing with his beſt Friend the Fortune his Father had left him. Thus would he have acted, and his honeſt Heart never doubted but that his Brother's Mind was like his own. *Daniel* anſwered him with Aſſeverations of his always commanding every thing equally with himſelf. The good old Woman bleſſed herſelf for having two ſuch Sons, and they all went down Stairs in very good Humour.

DANIEL had two Reaſons for allotting his Mother ſomething; one was, that nothing but a Jointure could have barr'd her coming in for her Thirds; the other was, that if no Notice had been taken of her in the Will, it might have been a ſtrong Motive for Suſpicion: Not that he had any great Reaſon for Caution, as nothing leſs than ſeeing him do it could have made *David* (ſuch a Confidence had he in him) even ſuſpect he could be guilty of ſuch an Action.

THE Man and Maid were ſoon married; and as they had long lived in the Family, *David* gave them ſomething to ſet up with. This was thought very lucky by the Brother, as it might prevent any Suſpicions how they came by Money. Thus every thing ſucceeded to *Daniel*'s Mind, and he had compaſſed all his Deſigns, without any Fear of a Diſcovery.

THE two Brothers agreed on leaving off their Father's Buſineſs, as they had enough to keep them; and as their Acquaintance lay chiefly in that Neighbourhood, they took a little Houſe there. The old Gentlewoman, whoſe ill Health would not ſuffer her to live in *London*, retired into the Country, and lived with her Siſter.

DAVID was very happy in the Proofs he thought he had of his Brother's Love; and as it was his Nature to be eaſily contented, he gave very little Trouble or Expence to the Family. *Daniel* hugged himſelf in his

Ingenuity, and in the Thoughts how impoſſible it would have been for him to have been ſo impoſed on. His Pride (of which he had no ſmall Share) was greatly gratified in thinking his Brother was a Dependant on him; but then he was reſolved it ſhould not be long before he felt that Dependance, for otherwiſe the greateſt Part of his Pleaſure muſt be loſt. One Thing quite ſtung him to the Quick, *viz.* That *David*'s amiable Behaviour, joined to a very good Underſtanding, with a great Knowledge which he had attained by Books, made all their Acquaintance give him the Preference: And as Envy was very predominant in *Daniel*'s Mind, this made him take an utter Averſion to his Brother, which all the other's Goodneſs could not get the better of: For, as his Actions were ſuch as he could not but approve, they were ſtill greater Food for his Hatred; and the Reflection, that others approved them alſo, was what he could not bear. The firſt Thing in which *David* diſcovered an Alteration in his Brother, was in the Behaviour of the Servants; for, as they are always inquiſitive, they ſoon found out, by ſome Means or other, that *Daniel* was in Poſſeſſion of all the Money, and was not obliged to let his Brother ſhare it with him. They watched their Maſter's Motions, and as ſoon as they found, that ſlackening in their Reſpect to *David* would not be diſpleaſing to the other, it may eaſily be believed, they were not long in Doubt, whether they ſhould follow their own Intereſt: So that at laſt, when *David* called them, they were always going to do ſomething for their Maſter; "truly, while he "wanted them, they could not wait on any Body elſe." *Daniel* took Notice of their Behaviour, and was inwardly pleaſed at it. *David* knew not what to make of it; he would not mention it to his Brother, till it grew to ſuch a Height, he could bear it no longer: And when he ſpoke of it to *Daniel*, it was only by Way of conſulting with him how to turn them away. But how great was his Surprize, when *Daniel*, inſtead of talking in his uſual Style, ſaid, that for his Part he ſaw no Fault in any of *his* Servants; that they did their Duty very well, and that he ſhould not part with his own Conveniencies for any Body's Whims: If he accuſed any of them of a Fault, he would call them up, and try if they could not juſtify themſelves.

themſelves. *David* was at firſt ſtruck dumb with Amazement; he thought he was not awake; that it was impoſſible it could be his Brother's Voice which uttered thoſe Words: But at laſt he recollected himſelf enough to ſay, What, is it come to this? Am I brought to a Trial with *your* Servants, (as you are pleaſed to call them?) I thought we had lived on different Terms. Oh! recall thoſe Words, and don't provoke me to ſay, what perhaps I ſhall afterwards repent. *Daniel* knew, that altho' his Brother was far from being paſſionate for Trifles, yet, that his whole Frame would be ſo ſhaken from any ill Uſage from him, he would not be able to command himſelf: He reſolved therefore to take this Opportunity of aggravating his Paſſion, till it was raiſed to an Height, which, to the unthinking World, would make him appear in the Wrong; he therefore very calmly anſwered, You may do as you pleaſe, Brother, but what you utter, appears to me to be quite Madneſs; I don't perceive but you are uſed in *my* Houſe as well as I am myſelf, and cannot gueſs what you complain of. If you are not contented, you beſt know how to find a Remedy; many a Brother in your Caſe, I believe, would think themſelves very happy, to meet with the Uſage you have, without wanting to make Miſchief in Families. This had the deſired Effect, and threw *David* into that inconſiſtent Behaviour, which muſt always be produced in a Mind torn at once by Tenderneſs and Rage. That ſincere Love and Friendſhip he had always felt for his Brother, made his Reſentment the higher, and he alternately fired into Reproaches, and melted into Softneſs; till at laſt, he ſwore he would go out of the Houſe, and never more viſit the Place, which was in the Poſſeſſion of ſo unnatural a Wretch.

DANIEL had now all he wanted; from the Moment the other's Paſſion grew loud, he had ſet open the Door, that the Servants might hear how he uſed him, and be Witneſſes he was not in Fault. He behaved with the utmoſt Calmneſs, which was very eaſy for him to do, as he felt nothing. He ſaid, his Brother ſhould be always welcome to live in his Houſe, provided he could be quiet, and contented with what was reaſonable; and not be ſo mad as to think, while he inſiſted only on the

Management of his own Family, he departed from that romantic Love he ſo often talked of. Indeed, it muſt be confeſſed, that if *David* would have been ſatisfied to have lived in his Brother's Houſe, in a State of Dependency, to have walked about in a ruſty Coat, and an old Tye-Wig, like a decayed Gentleman, thinking it a Favour to have Bread, while every Viſitor at the Houſe ſhould be extolling the Goodneſs of his Brother for keeping him: I ſay, could he have been contented with this Sort of Behaviour, he might have ſtayed there as long as he pleaſed. But *Daniel* was reſolved he ſhould not be on a Level with him, who had taken ſo much Pains to get a ſuperior Fortune: He therefore behaved in this Manner, with Deſign either to get rid of him, or make him ſubmit to his Terms. This latter it was impoſſible ever to accompliſh: For *David*'s Pride would not have prevented his taking that Uſage from a Stranger, but his Love could by no Means ſuffer him to bear it from his Brother. Therefore, as ſoon as the Variety of Paſſions he ſtruggled with, would give him Leave, he told him, That ſince he was ſo very different from what he had always thought him, and capable of what he eſteemed the greateſt Villainy, he would ſooner ſtarve than have any thing more to ſay to him. On which he left him, and went up to his own Chamber, with a fixed Reſolution to leave the Houſe that very Day, and never return to it any more.

It would be impoſſible to deſcribe what he felt when he was alone; all the Scenes of Pleaſure he had ever enjoyed in his Brother's Company, ruſhed at once into his Memory; and when he reflected on what had juſt happened, he could not account for ſuch a Difference in one Man's Conduct. He was ſometimes ready to blame himſelf, and thought he muſt have been guilty of ſomething in his Paſſion (for he hardly remembered what he had ſaid) to provoke his Brother to ſuch a Behaviour: He was then going to ſeek him, to be reconciled to him. But when he conſidered the Beginning of the Quarrel, and what *Daniel* had ſaid to him concerning the Servants, he concluded he muſt be tired of his Company, and from ſome Motive or other had altered his Affection. Then ſeveral little Slights came into his Head, which he had overlooked at the

the Time of their happening; and from all theſe Reflections, he concluded he could have no farther Hopes from his Brother. However, he reſolved to ſtay in his Room till the Evening, to ſee if there yet remained Tenderneſs enough in *Daniel* to induce him to endeavour the removing his preſent Torment. What he felt during that Interval, is not to be expreſſed or underſtood, but by the Few who are capable of real Tenderneſs; every Moment ſeemed an Age. Sometimes, in the Confuſion of his Thoughts, the Joy of being again well with his Brother appeared ſo ſtrong to his Imagination, he could hardly refrain going to him; but when he found it grew late, and no Notice was taken of him, not even ſo much as a Summons to Dinner, he was then certain any Condeſcenſion on his Side would only expoſe him to be again inſulted; he therefore reſolved to ſtay there no longer.

WHEN he went down Stairs, he aſked where his Brother was, and was told, he went out to Dinner with Mr. ———, and had not been at Home ſince. He was ſo ſtruck with the Thought, that *Daniel* could have ſo little Concern for him, as to go into Company and leave him in ſuch Miſery, he had hardly Strength enough left to go any farther; however, he got out of the Houſe as faſt as he was able, without conſidering whither he was going, or what he ſhould do, (for his Mind was ſo taken up, and tortured with his Brother's Brutality, that all other Thoughts quite forſook him). He wandered up and down, till he was quite weary and faint, not knowing whither to direct his Steps. When he firſt ſet out, he had but Half a Crown in his Pocket, a Shilling of which he gave away in his Walk to a Beggar, who told him a Story of having been turned out of Doors by an unnatural Brother; ſo that now he had but one Shilling and Sixpence left, with which he went into a Publick-Houſe, and got ſomething to recruit his worn-out Spirits. In this Situation, any Thing that would barely ſupport Nature, was equal to the greateſt Dainties; for his Mind was in ſo much Anxiety, it was impoſſible for him to ſpend one Thought on any Thing but the Cauſe of his Grief. So true is that Obſervation of *Shakeſpear*'s, "When the Mind is free, the Body is delicate;" that thoſe People know very little of real Miſery (however the

the Sorrow for their own Sufferings may make them imagine no one ever endured the like) who can be very ſollicitous of what becomes of them. But this was far from being our Hero's Caſe, for when he found himſelf too weak to travel farther, he was obliged to go into a Publick-Houſe; for being far from Home, and an utter Stranger, no private Houſe would have admitted him. As ſoon as he got into a Room, he threw himſelf into a Chair, and could ſcarce ſpeak. The Landlord aſked him, what he would pleaſe to drink; but he not knowing what he ſaid, made Anſwer, he did not chuſe any Thing. Upon which he was anſwered in a ſurly Manner, "If he did not care for drinking, he could have no "great Buſineſs there," and would be very welcome to walk out again. This Treatment juſt rouzed him enough, to make him recollect where he was, and that he muſt call for ſomething; therefore he ordered a Pint of Beer to be brought, which he immediately drank off, for he was very dry, tho' his Griefs were ſo fixed in his Mind, he could not feel even Hunger or Thirſt. But Nature muſt be refreſhed by proper Nouriſhment, and he found himſelf now not ſo faint, and ſeemed inclined to ſleep; he therefore inquired for a Bed, which his kind Landlord (on his producing Money enough to pay for it) immediately procured for him; and being perfectly overcome with Fatigue and Trouble, he inſenſibly ſunk to Reſt.

In the Morning when he waked, all the Tranſactions of the preceding Day came freſh into his Mind; he knew not which Way to turn himſelf, but lay in the greateſt Perplexity for ſome Time: At laſt, it came into his Head he had an Uncle, who, when he was a Boy, uſed to be very kind to him; he therefore had ſome hope he would receive and take care of him. He got up, and walked as well as he was able to his Uncle's Houſe. The good old Man was quite frighten'd at the Sight of him; for the one Day's extreme Miſery he had ſuffered, had altered him, as much as if he had been ill a Twelvemonth. His Uncle begged to know what was the Matter with him; but he would give him no other Anſwer, but that his Brother and he had had a few Words, for he would not complain; and he deſired he would be ſo kind to let

him

him ſtay with him a little while, till Matters could be brought about again. His Uncle told him, he ſhould be very welcome. And there for ſome Time I will leave him to his own private Sufferings, *leſt it ſhould be thought I am ſo ignorant of the World, as not to know the proper Time of forſaking People.*

CHAP. III.

In which is ſeen the Poſſibility of a married Couple's leading an uneaſy Life.

MUTUAL Fondneſs, and the Deſire of marrying with each other, had prevailed with the two Servants, who were the Cauſe of poor *David*'s Misfortunes, and the Engines of *Daniel*'s Treachery, to conſent to an Action which they themſelves feared they ſhould be d—n'd for; but this fond Couple had not long been joined together in the State of Matrimony, before *John* found out, that *Peggy* had not all thoſe Perfections he once imagined her poſſeſſed of; and her Merit decreaſed every Day more and more in his Eyes. However, while the Money laſted, (which was not very long, for they were not at all ſcrupulous of uſing it, thinking ſuch great Riches were in no Danger of being brought to an End) between Upbraidings, Quarrels, Reconciliations, kiſſing and falling out, they made a Shift to jumble on together, without coming to an open Rupture. But the Money was no ſooner gone, than they grew out of all Patience. When *John* began to feel Poverty coming upon him, and found all he had got by his Villainy was *a Wife*, whom he now was heartily weary of, his Conſcience flew in his Face, and would not let him reſt. All the Comfort he had left was in abuſing *Peggy*: He ſaid ſhe had betrayed him, and he ſhould have been always honeſt, had it not been for her wheedling. She, on the other Hand, juſtified herſelf, by alledging, nothing but her Love for him could have drawn her into it; and if he thought it ſo great a Crime, *as he was a Man, and knew better than ſhe, he ſhould not have conſented, or ſuffered her to do it.* For tho' I dare ſay this Girl had never read *Milton*, yet ſhe could act the Part of throw-

ing

ing the blame on her Huſband, as well as if ſhe had learned it by heart. In ſhort, from Morning till Night, they did nothing but quarrel; and there paſſed many curious Dialogues between them, which I ſhall not here repeat: for, as I hope to be read by the polite World, I would avoid every thing, of which they can *have no Idea.* I ſhall therefore only ſay in general, that between the Stings of their Conſciences, the Diſtreſſes from Poverty, *John*'s Coldneſs and Neglect; nay, his liking other Women better than his Wife, *which no virtuous Woman can poſſibly bear*; and *Peggy*'s Uneaſineſs and Jealouſy; this Couple led a life very little to be envied. But this could not laſt long, for when they found it was impoſſible for them to ſubſiſt any longer without working, they reſolved to go into ſeparate Services: for they were now as eager to part, as they had formerly been to come together.

THEY were forming this Reſolution, when they heard Mr. *David* was gone from his Brother's Houſe on a violent Quarrel. This Separation had made a general Diſcourſe, and People ſaid, *it was no wonder, for it was impoſſible any body could live in the houſe with him; for he was of ſuch a Temper, that he fell out with his Brother, for no other reaſon than becauſe he would not turn away all his Servants to gratify his Humour. For altho' Mr.* Daniel *had all the Money, yet he was ſo* good to keep Him; *and ſure when People are kept* upon Charity, *they need not be ſo proud, but be glad to be contented, without ſetting a* Gentleman againſt his Servants. *The old Gentleman his Father,* knew what he was, *or he would have left him more.*

WHEN *John* heard all this, he was ſtruck with Amazement, and the Wickedneſs he had been guilty of appeared in ſo horrible a light, that he was almoſt mad. At firſt he thought he would find Mr. *David* out, and confeſs the whole Truth: They had lived in the ſame Houſe a great while, and *John* knew him to be ſo mild and gentle, that he flattered himſelf he might poſſibly obtain his Forgiveneſs: but then the fear of Shame worked ſo violently, that he deſpaired of muſtering ſufficient Spirits to go through the Story. The Struggle in his mind was ſo great, he could not fix on what to deter-

determine; but the ſame perſon who has drawn him into this piece of Villainy, occaſioned at laſt the Diſcovery: For his Wife intreated him with all the Arguments ſhe could think of, not be hanged voluntarily, when there was no neceſſity for it; for altho' the Action they had done was not right, yet, thank God, they had not been guilty *of Murder*. Indeed if that had been the caſe, there would have been a reaſon for confeſſing it; becauſe it could not have been concealed, for *Murder will out; the very Birds of the Air will tell of that:* but as they were in no danger of being found out, it would be madneſs to run their Necks into a Halter.

JOHN, who was ruined by his Compliance with this Woman while he liked her, ſince he was weary of, and hated her, took hold of every opportunity to contradict her. Therefore her Eagerneſs to keep their Crime a Secret, joined to his own Remorſe, determined him to let Mr. *David* know it. However he diſſembled with her for the preſent, leſt ſhe ſhould take any ſteps to obſtruct his Deſigns.

HE immediately began to enquire where Mr. *David* was gone; and when he was informed he was at his Uncle's, he went thither, and aſked for him; but a Servant told him Mr. *David* was indeed there, but ſo ill he could not be ſpoke with. However, if the buſineſs was of great Conſequence, he would call his Maſter; but diſcloſing it to himſelf would do as well. *John* anſwered, what he had to ſay could be communicated to nobody but Mr. *David* himſelf. He was ſo very importunate to ſee him that at laſt, by the Uncle's Conſent, he was admitted into his Chamber. When the Fellow came near poor *David*, and obſerved that wan and meagre Countenance, which the great Agitation of his Mind (together with a Fever, which he had been in ever ſince he came to his Uncle's) had cauſed, he was ſo ſhocked for ſome time, that he could not ſpeak. At laſt, he fell on his knees, and imploring Pardon, told him the whole Story of his forging the Will, not omitting any one Circumſtance. The great Weakneſs of *David*'s Body, with this freſh Aſtoniſhment and ſtrong Conviction of his Brother's Villainy, quite overcame him, and he fainted away; but as ſoon

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as his Spirits were a little revived, he ſent for his Uncle, and told him what *John* had juſt related. He aſked him what was to be done, and in what manner they could proceed; for that he would on no account bring publick Infamy on his Brother. His Uncle told him, he could do nothing in his preſent Condition; but deſired him to compoſe himſelf, and have a regard to his Health, and that he would take care of the whole Affair, adding a promiſe to manage every thing in the quieteſt manner poſſible.

THEN the good natured Man took *John* into another Room, examined him cloſely; and aſſured him, if he would act as he would have him, he would make Intereſt that he ſhould be forgiven; but that he muſt prevail with his Wife to join her Evidence with his. *John* ſaid, "if he pleaſed to go with him, he thought the "beſt method to deal with her, was to frighten her to "it." On which the old Gentleman ſent for an Attorney, and carried one of his own Servants for a Conſtable, in order to make her comply with as little noiſe as ſuch an Affair could admit of. They then ſet out for *John*'s Houſe, when *David*'s Uncle told the Woman, "if ſhe would confeſs the Truth, ſhe ſhould be for-"given; but if ſhe reſolved to perſiſt, he had brought "a Conſtable to take her up, and ſhe would ſurely be "hanged on her Huſband's Evidence." The Wench was ſo terrified, ſhe fell a crying, and told all ſhe knew of the matter. The Attorney then took both their Depoſitions in Form; after which, *John* and his Wife went home with Mr. *David*'s Uncle, and were to ſtay there till the Affair was finiſhed.

THE poor young Man, with this freſh diſturbance of his Mind, was grown worſe, and thought to be in danger of loſing his Life; but by the great Care of the old Gentleman he ſoon recovered. The Uncle's next Deſign was to go to *Daniel*, and endeavour by all means to bring him to reaſonable Terms, and to prevail on him to ſubmit himſelf to his Brother's Diſcretion. *Daniel*, at firſt, bluſtered and ſwore it was a Calumny, and that he would proſecute the Fellow and Wench for Perjury: And then left the Room, with a *Haughtineſs that generally attends that High-mindedneſs*, which is capable of being

being detected in Guilt. He tried all methods poſſible to get *John* and his Wife out of his Uncle's Houſe, in order to bribe them a ſecond time; but that Scheme could not ſucceed. He then uſed every Endeavour to procure falſe Evidence; but when the time of Trial approached, his Uncle went once more to him, and talked ſeriouſly to him, on the Conſequnces of being convicted in a Court of Juſtice of Forgery, eſpecially of that heinous ſort: Aſſuring him he had the ſtrongeſt Evidence, joined to the greateſt Probability of the Falſeneſs of his Father's Will. After he had diſcourſed with him ſome time, and *Daniel* began to find the impoſſibility of defending himſelf, he fell from one Extreme to another (for a Mind capable of Treachery, is moſt times very puſillanimous) and his Pride now thought fit to condeſcend to the moſt abject Submiſſions; he begged he might ſee his Brother, and aſk his Pardon; and ſaid, he would live with him as a Servant for the future, if he would but forgive him. His Uncle told him, he could by no means admit of his ſeeing *David* as yet, for he was ſtill too weak to be diſturbed; but if he would reſign all that was left of his Father's Fortune, and leave himſelf at his Brother's mercy, he would venture to promiſe that he ſhould not be proſecuted. *Daniel* was very unwilling to part with his Money, but finding there was no Remedy, he at laſt conſented.

HIS Uncle would not leave him till he had got every thing out of his hands, leſt he ſhould embezzel any of it; there was not above eight thouſand Pounds out of the eleven left by his Father, for he had rioted away the reſt with Women and Sots.

WHEN every thing was ſecured, the old Gentleman told *David* what he had done, who highly approved every Step he had taken, and was full of Gratitude for his Goodneſs to him. And now in appearance all *David*'s Troubles were over, and indeed he had nothing to make him uneaſy, but the reflecting on his Brother's Actions; theſe were continually before his Eyes, and tormented him in ſuch a manner, it was ſome time before he could recover his Strength. However, he reſolved to ſettle on *Daniel* an Annuity for Life to keep him from Want, and if he ſhould ever by his Extravagance

gance fall into Diſtreſs, to relieve him, tho' he ſhould not know from whom it came; but he thought it better not to ſee him again, for he dared not venture that Trval.

DAVID deſired his Uncle would let him live with him, that he might take care of him in his old Age; and make as much return as poſſible for his generous, good-natured Treatment of him, in his Diſtreſs. This Requeſt was eaſily granted; his Company being the greateſt Pleaſure the old Man could enjoy.

DAVID now reſolved to live an eaſy Life, without entering into any more Engagements of either Friendſhip or Love; but to ſpend his time in reading and calm Amuſements, not flattering himſelf with any great Pleaſures, and conſequently, not being liable to any great Diſappointments. This manner of Life was ſoon interrupted again by his Uncle's being taken violently ill of a Fever, which carried him off in ten Days time. This was a freſh Diſturbance to the Eaſe he had propoſed; for *David* had ſo much Tenderneſs, he could not poſſibly part with ſo good a Friend, without being moved: tho' he ſoothed his Concern as much as poſſible, with the Conſideration that he was arrived to an Age, wherein to breathe was all could be expected, and that Diſeaſes and Pains muſt have filled up the reſt of his Life. At laſt, he began to reflect even with pleaſure, that the Man whom he had ſo much reaſon to eſteem and value, had eſcaped the moſt miſerable part of a human Life: For hitherto, the old Man had enjoyed good Health; and he was one of thoſe ſort of Men who had good Principles, deſigned well, and did all the good in his power: but at the ſame time, was void of thoſe Delicacies, and ſtrong Senſations of the Mind, which conſtitute both the Happineſs and Miſery of thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them. He left no Children; for tho' he was married young, his Wife dyed within half a Year of the Small Pox. She brought him a very good Fortune; and by his Frugality and Care he died worth upwards of ten thouſand Pounds, which he gave to his Nephew *David*, ſome few Legacies to old Servants excepted.

WHEN *David* ſaw himſelf in the poſſeſſion of a very eaſy comfortable Fortune, inſtead of being overjoyed,

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as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, he was at firſt the more unhappy; the Conſideration of the Pleaſure he ſhould have had to ſhare this Fortune with his Brother, continually brought to his Remembrance his cruel Uſage, which made him feel all his old Troubles over again. He had no Ambition, nor any Delight in Grandeur. The only Uſe he had for Money, was to ſerve his Friends; but when he reflected how difficult it was to meet with a Perſon who deſerved that Name, and how hard it would be for him ever to believe any one ſincere, having been ſo much deceived, he thought nothing in Life could be any great Good to him again. He ſpent whole Days thinking on this Subject, wiſhing he could meet with a human Creature capable of Friendſhip; by which Word he meant ſo perfect a Union of Minds, that each ſhould conſider himſelf but as a Part of one intire Being; a little Community, as it were of two, to the Happineſs of which all the Actions of both ſhould tend with an abſolute diſregard of any ſelfiſh or ſeparate Intereſt.

THIS was the Phantom, the Idol of his Soul's Admiration. In the Worſhip of which he at length grew ſuch an Enthuſiaſt, that he was in this Point only as mad as *Quixote* himſelf could be with Knight errantry; and after much amuſing himſelf with the deepeſt Ruminations on this Subject, in which a fertile Imagination raiſed a thouſand pleaſing Images to itſelf, he at length took the oddeſt, moſt unaccountable Reſolution that ever was heard of, *viz.* To travel through the whole World, rather than not meet with a real Friend.

FROM the time he lived with his Brother, he had led ſo recluſe a Life, that he in a manner had ſhut himſelf up from the World; but yet when he reflected that the Cuſtoms and Manners of Nations, relate chiefly to Ceremonies, and have nothing to do with the Hearts of Men; he concluded, he could ſooner enter into the Characters of Men in the great Metropolis where he lived, than if he went into foreign Countries; where, not underſtanding the Languages ſo readily, it would be more difficult to find out the Sentiments of others, which was all he wanted to know. He reſolved therefore

fore to take a Journey through *London*; not as ſome Travellers do, to ſee the Buildings, the Streets, to know the Diſtance from one Place to another, with many more Sights of equal Uſe and Improvement; but his deſign was to ſeek out one capable of being a real Friend, and to aſſiſt all thoſe who had been thrown into Misfortunes by the ill Uſage of others.

He had good Senſe enough to know, that Mankind in their Natures are much the ſame every where; and that if he could go through one great Town, and not meet with a generous Mind, it would be in vain to ſeek farther. In this Project, he intended not to ſpend a Farthing more than was neceſſary; deſigning to keep all his Money to ſhare with his Friend, if he ſhould be ſo fortunate to find any Man worthy to be called by that Name.

CHAP. IV.

The firſt ſetting out of Mr. David Simple *on his Journey; with ſome very remarkable and uncommon Accidents.*

THE firſt Thought which naturally occurs to a Man, who is going in ſearch of any thing, is, which is the moſt likely method of finding it. Our Hero, therefore began to conſider ſeriouſly amongſt all the Claſſes and Degrees of Men, where he might moſt probably meet with a real Friend But when he examined Mankind, from the higheſt to the loweſt, he was convinced, that to Experience alone he muſt owe his Knowledge; for that no Circumſtance of Time, Place, or Station, made a Man abſolutely either good or bad, but the Diſpoſition of his own Mind; and that Good-nature and Generoſity were always the ſame, tho' the Power to exert thoſe Qualities are more or leſs, according to the Variation of outward Circumſtances. He reſolved therefore, to go into all publick Aſſembles, and to be intimate in as many private Families as poſſible, and to obſerve their Manner of living with each other; by which

which means, he thought he ſhould judge of their Principles and Inclinations.

As there required but ſmall preparation for his Journey, a Staff, and a little Money in his Pocket, being all that was neceſſary, he ſet out without any farther Conſideration. The firſt place he went into, was the *Royal-Exchange*. He had been there before, to ſee the Building and hear the Jargon at the time of high Change; but now his Curioſity was quite of a different kind. He could not have gone any where to have ſeen a more melancholy Proſpect, or with more likelihood of being diſappointed of his Deſign, than where Men of all Ages and all Nations were aſſembled, with no other View than to barter for Intereſt. The Countenances of moſt of the People, ſhowed they were filled with Anxiety: Some indeed appeared pleaſed; but yet it was with a mixture of Fear. While he was muſing, and making Obſervations to himſelf, he was accoſted by a well-looking Man, who aſked him, if he would buy into a particular Fund. He ſaid no, he did not intend to deal. Nay, ſays the other I adviſe you as a Friend, for now is your time, if you have any Money to lay out; as you ſeem a Stranger, I am willing to inform you in what manner to proceed, leſt you ſhould be impoſed on by any of the Brokers. He gave him a great many thanks for his kindneſs; but could not be prevailed on to buy any Stock, as he underſtood ſo little of the matter. About half an hour afterwards, there was a piece of News publiſhed which ſunk this Stock a great deal below *Par*. *David* then told the Gentleman, it was very lucky he had not bought; ay, and ſo it is, replied he; but when I ſpoke I thought it would be otherwiſe. I am ſure, I have loſt a great deal by this *curſed News*. Immediately *David* was pulled by the Sleeve by one, who had ſtood by, and overheard what they had been ſaying; who whiſpered him in the Ear, to take care what he did, otherwiſe the Man, with whom he had been talking, would draw him into ſome Snare. Upon which he told his new Friend, what had paſſed with the other, and how he had adviſed him to buy Stock. Did he, ſaid this Gentleman; I will aſſure you, I ſaw that very Man ſell off as much of *that* Stock as he could, juſt before you

you ſpoke to him; but he having a great deal, wanted to draw you in, to buy, in order to avoid loſing; for he was acquainted with the News, before it was made publick.

DAVID was amazed at ſuch Treachery, and began to ſuſpect every Thing about him of ſome ill Deſign. But he could not imagine, what Intereſt this Man could have in warning him, of truſting the other, till by converſing with a third Perſon, he found out, that he was his moſt inveterate Enemy, from Envy; becauſe they had both ſet out in the World together, with the ſame Views of ſacrificing every Thing to the raiſing of a Fortune; and that, either by Cunning or Accident, the other was got rich before him. This was the Motive, ſaid he, of his forewarning you of the other's Deſigns: For that Gentleman who ſpoke to you firſt, is one of the ſharpeſt Men I know; he is one of the Long-heads, and much too wiſe to let any one impoſe on him: And to let you into a Secret, he is what we call *a good Man*.

DAVID ſeemed ſurprized at that Epithet; and aſked, how it was poſſible, a Fellow whom he had juſt catched in ſuch a Piece of Villainy, could be called a good Man? At which Words, the other, with a Sneer at his Folly, told him he meant that he was worth a Plumb. Perhaps he might not underſtand that neither; (for he began to take him for a Fool) but he meant by a Plumb 100,000 *l.*

DAVID was now quite in a Rage; and reſolved to ſtay no longer in a Place, where Riches were eſteemed Goodneſs, and Deceit, Low-Cunning, and giving up all Things to the love of Gain, were thought Wiſdom.

As he was going out of the *Change*, he met a Jeweller, who knew him by Sight, having ſeen him at his Uncle's, where he uſed often to viſit. He aſked him ſeveral Queſtions; and after a ſhort Converſation, deſired he would favour him with his Company at Dinner, for his Houſe was juſt by.

DAVID readily accepted his Offer, being willing to be acquainted with as great a Variety of People as he poſſibly could. The Jeweller's Name was *Johnſon*; he had

had two Daughters, who were of their Company at Dinner. They were both young, and pretty; eſpecially the younger, who had ſomething ſo ſoft and engaging in her Countenance, that *David* was quite charmed with her. Mr. *Johnſon*, who had been an extravagant Rake in his Youth, tho' he was now become a Miſer, and a rigid Cenſurer of others Pleaſures, immediately perceived the young Man was greatly taken with his Daughter; which he reſolved to improve, knowing that his Uncle had made him his Heir, and that it was worth While to endeavour to encreaſe his Liking for her. He well remembered, that in his Days of Gallantry, he had often from a tranſient View of Women liked them; but for want of Opportunities of frequently converſing with them, his Paſſion had grown cool again. He therefore thought the wiſeſt Way would be, to engage *David* to ſtay ſome Time with him, as the ſureſt Method to fix his Affection. It was no hard Matter to perſuade the young Man, to what his Inclination ſo ſtrongly prompted him to comply with; though this Inclination was now ſo newly born, he hardly knew himſelf from what Motive his Deſire of ſtaying there aroſe. But this Ignorance did not continue long; for a ſhort Time's converſing with his Miſtreſs, convinced him, how much he liked her: He reſolved to watch her very narrowly, to ſee, if her Mind was equal to her Perſon, which was indeed very agreeable: but Love ſo magnified her Charms in the Eyes of *David*, that from the Moment he took a Fancy to her, *he imagined her Beauty exceeded that of all other Women in the World.* For which Reaſon he was ſtrongly poſſeſſed, ſhe was in all Reſpects what he wiſh'd her to be.

THE Girl was commanded by her Father, if *David* made any Addreſſes to her, to receive them in ſuch a Manner, as to fix him hers. He ſaid he had converſed with Women enough in his Time, to know they did not want Arts to manage the Men they had formed any Deſigns on; and therefore deſired ſhe would comply with him, in a Caſe which would be ſo greatly to her Advantage. She did not want many Arguments, to perſuade her to endeavour the Promotion

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of her own Intereſt, which ſhe had as much at Heart as he could have. Her only Anſwer was, ſhe ſhould obey him: on which he left her, highly pleaſed at her Dutifulneſs; *which he imputed to his own Wiſdom, in educating her in a ſtrict Manner.*

DAVID paſſed his Time very happily; for the Maſter of the Family omitted nothing in his Power to oblige him, and he was always received by his Miſtreſs with chearful Smiles and Good Humour. He lived on in this agreeable Manner for three Months, without ever wiſhing to go in Search of new Adventures, thinking he had now found the greateſt Happineſs to be attained in this World, in a Woman he could both love and eſteem. Her Behaviour was in all Reſpects engaging; her Duty to her Father, Complaiſance and affection to her Siſter, and Humanity to the Servants, made him conclude, his travelling was at an End; for that in her he had met with every Thing he wanted. He was not long before he aſked her Father's Conſent, which was eaſily obtained; and now he had not a Wiſh beyond what he imagined ſatisfied.

HITHERTO he had obſerved nothing in her, but what increaſed his good Opinion. He was one Day a little ſtartled, by her telling him, he ſhould not ſeem too anxious, whether he had her, or no; for ſhe was certain her Father deſigned, if he found he loved her enough to take her on any Terms, to ſave ſome of her Fortune to add to her Siſter's: but when ſhe told him, ſhe had too much Generoſity and Love for him, to let him be impoſed on by his Affection to her; this Diſcourſe increaſed his good Opinion of her; and the Thought that ſhe loved him, gave him the greateſt Pleaſure. He then told her, he did not care whether her Father would or could give her any Thing; her Affection was all he coveted in this World. He ſpent his Time in Raptures, in the Reflection what a charming Life he ſhould lead with ſuch a Woman. But this laſted not long, before all his fancied Scenes of Joy fell to the Ground, by an Accident ſo very uncommon, I muſt pauſe a While before I can relate it.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

In which is contained, a moſt curious Dialague, between a young Woman, and her Confidant.

JUST as Mr. *David* and his Miſtreſs were on the Point of being married, there came one Day a rich Jew to Mr. *Johnſon*'s Houſe, in order to deal with him for ſome Jewels. As he had been a long Time an Acquaintance of his, he invited him to Dinner. It happened the Jew was as much taken with the elder Daughter, as Mr. *David* was with the younger; which occaſioned his making frequent Viſits. The Father ſoon perceived the Reaſon of it, and was greatly rejoiced at it; on which Account he delayed the other's Match for a little While, hoping to ſee them both well diſpoſed of at the ſame Time. But the Jew did not preſently declare himſelf, on the Conſideration that ſhe was a Chriſtian. He conſidered, whether it might not be poſſible, to obtain her on any other Terms than Matrimony. He knew her Father was very covetous; which gave him Hopes, that for a Sum of Money, he himſelf would ſell her. He reſolved therefore to try that Method firſt; but if that did not ſucceed, as he found he liked her ſo much, that he was uneaſy without the Poſſeſſion of her, he could but marry her afterwards. He was charmed with her Perſon, *and thought Women's Souls were of no great Conſequence*, nor did it ſignify much what they profeſs. He took the firſt Opportunity of making his Propoſal to the Father, and offered him ſuch a Sum of Money as his Heart leaped at the mention of; but he endeavoured to conceal the Effect it had on him as much as poſſible, and only ſaid, he would conſider of it till the next Morning, and then he ſhould have an Anſwer.

As ſoon as Mr. *Johnſon* was alone, he ſat down to think ſeriouſly on what he ſhould determine. He was ſure by the Sum the Jew had offered for his Daughter, that if he did not comply with his Scheme, he would marry her, rather than go without her. But then he was dubious which he ſhould get moſt by. He

was a good while deliberating, which Way his Intereſt would be beſt promoted. At laſt he concluded, if he could get rid of his Daughter, without giving her any Fortune, and make an Alliance with ſo rich a Man, it would in the End prove more conducive to his Intereſt than taking the Money.

WHEN the Jew therefore came at the appointed Time to know his Determination, he began by telling him, "He was very ſorry after ſo long an Acquaintance, in all "which Time he had dealt fairly with him, (as indeed he had never attempted to impoſe on the Jew, knowing it to be impoſſible) "that he ſhould form a Scheme "to diſhonour his Family, and have ſo ill an Opinion of "him, to think he would be an Inſtrument in it; but as "it might be owing to the great Paſſion he had for his "Daughter, he was very unwilling to fall out with him: "If his Love was great enough to marry her, he "would give her to him with all his Heart. Perhaps he "might object to her being a Chriſtian; but he had al-"ways uſed her implicitly to obey him; and therefore he "need not fear her conforming to whatever he pleaſed." This Stumbling-block once got over, every Thing elſe was ſoon agreed between them; for the Jew conſented to take her on her Father's own Terms: And there remained nothing now to do, but to acquaint Miſs *Johnſon* with it.

SHE was at firſt ſtartled at the Thoughts of changing her Religion: but as ſhe had no more Underſtanding than was juſt neceſſary to ſet off her own Charms, by knowing which Dreſs, and which Poſture became her beſt; and had never been taught any Thing more than to go to Church of a *Sunday*, when ſhe was not wanted to ſtay at Home to overlook the Dinner, without knowing any other Reaſon for it than Cuſtom: The rich Preſents the Jew made her, and his Promiſes of keeping her Great, ſoon overcame all her Scruples, and ſhe conſented to have him.

HE now took the Privilege of a Son-in-Law, being ſo ſoon to be married, and had always one Diſh dreſſed his own Way. He one Day brought Mr. *Nokes*, an Acquaintance of his, to Dinner with him; and though he was immenſely rich, he was not afraid he would ſteal away his

his Miſtreſs, he being too old and ugly to admit a Suſpicion of any Woman's liking him. But unluckily this old Fellow caſt his Eye upon *David*'s Miſtreſs, and took ſo great a Fancy to her, that he was reſolved to have her: He was not afraid of being refuſed, for he had Money enough to have bought a Lady of much higher Rank; nor did he give himſelf any Trouble about gaining a Woman's Affections, not thinking them worth having; but took it for granted, that every *virtuous Woman, when ſhe was married, muſt love her Huſband well enough to make a good Wife, and comply with his Humour.* He went therefore directly to the Father, and offered to make any Settlement he ſhould think proper, if he would give him his Daughter; who was overjoyed at the Propoſal, and made no Scruple of promiſing her to him, without ever reflecting on the baſe Trick he was playing *David.*

As ſoon as Mr. *Nokes* was gone, *Johnſon* ſent for his Daughter, and told her what had paſſed: He ſaid, as ſhe had hitherto been a very obedient Girl, he hoped ſhe would ſtill continue ſo. He owned he had ordered her to encourage Mr. *Simple*'s Addreſſes, becauſe at that Time he appeared to be a very advantageous Match for her; but now when a better offered, ſhe would, he ſaid, be certainly in the Right to take the Man ſhe could get moſt by; otherwiſe ſhe muſt walk on Foot, while her Siſter rode in her Coach. He allowed her a Week's Time to conſider of it; well knowing, Women are moſt apt to purſue their Intereſts, when they have had Time enough to paint to their own Imaginations, how much Riches will conduce to the ſatisfaction of their Vanity. She made him no Anſwer, but went immediately to her Chamber, where ſhe had left a young Woman, her chief Confidant, and from whom ſhe concealed nothing. As ſoon as ſhe entered the Room ſhe threw herſelf on the Bed, and fell into a violent paſſion of Crying. Her Companion was amazed, and thinking ſome dreadful Accident had happened to her, begged to know what was the Matter. Miſs *Johnſon* then told her, what her Father had been ſaying, with all the Agonies of a Perſon in the higheſt Diſtreſs. Upon which enſued the following Dialogue; which I ſhall

ſet down word for word; every body's own Words giving the moſt lively Repreſentations of their Meaning.

A Dialogue between Miſs Nanny Johnſon, *and Miſs* Betty Truſty.

Miſs *Betty*. "WELL! and I ſee nothing in all "this, to make you ſo Miſerable. "You are very ſure your Lover will take you without "a Farthing, and will think himſelf happy to have ſuch "a Proof of your Affection: And for my part, if it "was my Caſe, I ſhould think it no manner of Sin to "diſobey a Father, who impoſed ſuch unreaſonable Commands on me."

Miſs *Nanny*. "OH! my Dear, you quite miſtake "my Caſe; I am not troubling my head, either about "the *Sin*, or my *Father*; but the height of my Diſtreſs lies in not knowing my own Mind: if I could "once find that out, I ſhould be eaſy enough. I am ſo "divided by the Deſire of Riches on the one hand; and "by my Honour, and the Man I like on the other, that "there is ſuch a ſtruggle in my Mind, I am almoſt diſtracted."

Miſs *Betty*. * "O FIE, Child, I thought you had "been more conſtant in your Nature; and that when "you had given your Affection to a Man, it had not "been in the power of Money to have altered you. I "am ſure if it was my Caſe, I ſhould make no queſtion "of preferring a young Man I liked, to an old decrepid ugly Monſter, though he was ever ſo rich. I "I cannot help laughing at the Idea of his Figure when "ever it comes into my head: In him Nature ſeems "perfectly reverſed; the Calves of his Legs are placed "before, and his feet turn inward as it were, in ſpight "of Nature: One ſide of his Back is high enough to "carry the load of Riches he poſſeſſes; and the other is

* Whether theſe Sentiments of Miſs *Betty*'s, aroſe from her really having more Conſtancy than her Friend, or were more eaſy for her to expreſs, as the Temptation was not her own, is a Secret: But I have heard ſome hints given of a third Reaſon; which was, a Deſire of having the old rich Man herſelf.

" is ſhrunk in ſuch a manner, that one would imagine " his two Sides were made only to form a ridiculous " Contraſt. Undoubtedly you will be much envied the " Poſſeſſion of ſo lovely a Creature."

Miſs *Nancy*. " Ay what a rate you run on: 'Tis " eaſy to talk; but if you was in my place, you can't " tell what you would feel. Oh that this good Offer " had but come before I knew the other; or at my " firſt Acquaintance with him; for then I only receiv- " ed him, becauſe my Father bid me, and I thought " to gain by ſuch a Match: But now when I have con- " verſed long enough with him, to find it is in his pow- " er to give me Pleaſure; I muſt either forſake him, or " abandon all thoughts of being a *great Woman*. 'Tis " true indeed my Lover can keep me very well, I ſhall " not want for any thing he can procure me; for I am " ſure he loves me ſincerely, and will do all in his power " to oblige me; and I like him very well, and ſhall have " no Reaſon to envy another Woman the poſſeſſion of " any Man whatever: But then, he can't afford to buy " me fine *Jewels*, to keep me an *Equipage*; and I muſt " ſee my Siſter ride in her Coach and Six, while I take " up with a Hack, or at beſt with a Coach and Pair. " Oh! I can never bear that Thought, that is certain; " my Heart is ready to burſt. Sure never Woman's " Misfortune equalled mine." Here ſhe fell into ſo vio- lent Paſſion of Crying, it was ſome time before ſhe could ſpeak; but when ſhe was a little recovered ſhe went on in the following Words: " Pray, my dear Friend, adviſe " me; don't be ſilent while I am thus perplexed, but " tell me which will give me the greateſt Pleaſure, the " Satisfaction of my Love, or of my Vanity."

Miſs *Betty*. " Was ever Woman ſo unreaſonable? " How is it poſſible for me to tell which will give you " moſt Pleaſure? You certainly muſt know that beſt " yourſelf. I have already told you, if it was my Caſe, " I ſhould not heſitate a Moment, but take the young " Fellow, and let the old Wretch purchaſe what Nurſe " he pleaſed; he may meet with Women enow who " have no *Engagements, and there is no fear that any* " *ſuch would refuſe him*."

Miſs *Nancy*. " You ſay true; I wiſh that had been " my Situation, but if I ſhould neglect this Opportunity " of making my Fortune, every Woman whom I ſee " ſupported in Grandeur, will make me mad, to think I " had it once in my power to have been as great as her. " Well, I find it is impoſſible I ſhould ever come to " any Determination; I ſhall never find out what I have " moſt mind to do, ſo I muſt even leave it to Chance. " I will go tell Mr. *David* what has happened, and if " if he preſſes me very much to run away with him, I " ſhall never be able to reſiſt him; but perhaps he may be " afraid to make me unhappy, and then I may marry the " other without any Obſtruction: but then no doubt he " will marry ſomebody elſe, and I can't bear that neither. " I find it is in vain for me to think; I am in a Laby- " rinth, and the farther I go the more I am puzzled: if " I could contrive but ſome way to have my Lover, and " yet not give up the Money, I ſhould be happy; but as " that is impoſſible, I muſt be miſerable, for I ſhall al- " ways regret the Loſs of either. I will do the beſt " I can, I will have riches, that is poſitive; if I can " poſſibly command myſelf enough to reſiſt my Lo- " ver's Importunities, in caſe he ſhould perſiſt in my go- " ing away with him.

THUS ended this Dialogue; in which Vanity ſeem'd to have had a fair chance of gaining the Victory over Love; or in other words, where a young Lady ſeemed to promiſe herſelf from the Purſe than the Perſon of her Lover. And I hope to be excuſed by thoſe Gentlemen, who are quite ſure they have found one Woman who is a perfect *Angel*, and that all the reſt are perfect *Devils*, for drawing the Character of a Woman who was neither; for Miſs *Nancy Johnſon*, was very good-humour'd, had a great deal of Softneſs, and had no Alloy to thoſe good Qualities, but a great ſhare of Vanity, with ſome ſmall Spices of Envy, which muſt always accompany it. And I make no manner of doubt, but if ſhe had not met with this Temptation, ſhe would have made a very affectionate Wife, to the Man who loved her: he would have thought himſelf extremely happy, with a perfect Aſſurance that nothing could have tempted her to abandon him. And when ſhe had had the Experience, what

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it was to be conſtantly beloved by a Man of Mr. *Simple*'s Goodneſs of Heart, ſhe would have exulted in her own Happineſs, and been the firſt to have blamed any other Woman, for giving up the Pleaſure of having the Man ſhe loved for any advantage of Fortune; and would have thought it utterly impoſſible for her ever to have been tempted to ſuch an Action; which then might poſſibly have appeared in the moſt diſhonourable Light: For to talk of a Temptation at a diſtance, and to feel it preſent, are two ſuch very different things, that every body can reſiſt the one, and very few People the other. But it is now time to think of poor *David*, who has been all this time in a great deal of Miſery; the Reaſon of which the next Chapter will diſcloſe.

CHAP. VI.

Which treats of Variety of Things, juſt as they fell out to the Hero of our Hiſtory.

DAVID was going up to his Miſtreſs's Chamber, to deſire her Company to walk; when he came near the Door, he fancied he heard the Voice of a Woman in Affliction, which made him run in haſte to know what was the matter: but as he was entering the Room, being no longer in doubt whoſe Voice it was, he ſtopped ſhort, to conſider whether he ſhould break in ſo abruptly or no. In this Interim, he heard the Beginning of the foregoing Dialogue; this raiſed ſuch a Curioſity in him, that he was reſolved to attend the Event. But what was his Amazement, when he found that the Woman he ſo tenderly loved, and who he thought had ſo well returned his Affection, was in the higheſt Perplexity to determine, whether ſhe ſhould take him with a Competency, or the Monſter before deſcribed with great Riches. He could hardly perſuade himſelf that he was not in a Dream. He was going to burſt open the Door, and tell her he had been witneſs to the Delicacy of her Sentiments; but his Tenderneſs for her, even in the midſt of his Paſſion, reſtrained him, and he could not bring himſelf to do any thing to put her into Confuſion.

HE went back to his own Room, where Love, Rage, Deſpair and Contempt alternately took poſſeſſion of his Mind: He walked about and raved like a Madman; repeated all the Satires he could remember on Women, all ſuitable to his preſent Thoughts, (which is no great wonder, as moſt probably they were writ by Men in Circumſtances not very different from his.) In ſhort, the firſt Sallies of his Paſſion, his Behaviour and Thoughts were ſo much like what is common on ſuch Occaſions, that to dwell long upon them, would be only a Repetition of what has been ſaid a thouſand times. The only Difference between him, and the generality of Men in the ſame caſe, was, that inſtead of reſolving to be her Enemy, he could not help wiſhing her well: For as tenderneſs was always predominant in his Mind, no Anger nor even a juſt Cauſe of Hatred, could ever make him inveterate, or revengeful: It coſt him very little to be a Chriſtian in that Point; for it would have been more difficult for him to have kept up a Reſentment, than it was to forgive the higheſt Injury, provided that Injury was only to himſelf, and that his Friends were no Sufferers by it. As ſoon therefore as his Rage was ſomewhat abated, and his Paſſion a little ſubſided, he concluded to leave his Miſtreſs to the Enjoyment of her beloved Grandeur, with the Wretch already deſcribed, without ſaying or doing any thing that might expoſe or any way hurt her.

WHEN he had taken this Reſolution, he went down ſtairs into a little Parlour, where he accidentally met Miſs *Nanny* alone. She with her Eyes ſwelled out of her Head with crying with Fear and Trembling, told him her Father's Propoſal. Her manner of Speaking and her Looks would have been to him the ſtrongeſt Proofs of her Love, and given him the greateſt Joy, if he had not before known the Secrets of her Heart from her own Mouth. The only Revenge he took, or ever thought of taking, was by endeavouring to pique that Vanity, which was ſo greatly his Enemy. He therefore put on a cold Indifference, and ſaid, he was very glad to hear ſhe was likely to make ſo great a Fortune; for his Part, he was very eaſy about it: he thought indeed to have been happy with her as a Wife; but, ſince

ſince her Father had otherwiſe diſpoſed of her, he ſhould adviſe her to be dutiful, and obey him.

HE was very bad at acting an inſincere Part; but the preſent Confuſion of her Mind was ſo great, ſhe could not diſtinguiſh very clearly; and not knowing he was acquainted with what had paſſed between her and her Confidant, his Behaviour threw her into a great Conſternation, and had the deſired Effect of piquing her Vanity. I verily believe, had his Deſign been to have gained her, and could he have taken the pains to have turned about, and made a ſudden Tranſition in her Mind, from the Uneaſineſs his Coldneſs gave her Pri le to a Triumph in a certain Conqueſt of him, joined to the Love which ſhe really had for him, notwithſtanding it was not her predominant Paſſion, he might have carried her wherever he pleaſed. But as that was not his Deſign, he durſt not ſtay long with her; for he was ſeveral times tempted by her Behaviour to think he was not in his Senſes, when he fancied he over-heard her ſay any thing that could be conſtrued to her Diſadvantage. And certainly, if the longeſt experienced Friend had told him what he heard himſelf, he would have ſuſpected him of Falſhood; and if on being taxed with it, *ſhe had denied it, he would have believed her againſt the whole World.* But as he was witneſs himſelf to what ſhe had ſaid, and was convinced that ſhe could think of ſuch a Fellow as his Rival, for the ſake of Money, he had juſt Reſolution enough to leave her, though he had a great Struggle in his Mind before he could compaſs it; and he has often ſaid ſince, that if he had ſtaid five Minutes longer, his love would have vanquiſhed his Reaſon, and he ſhould have become the fond Lover again. Before he went, he took leave of her Father and Siſter, with great Civility, for he was reſolved to avoid any buſtle. He ſent for a Coach, put his Cloaths into it, and drove from the Door.

MR. *Johnſon* aſked no Queſtions, for he was heartily glad to get rid of him, and thought it was owing to his Daughter's diſcharging him; he therefore again exulted in his own Wiſdom, in making her always obey him. He then went to look for her, in order to applaud her Obedience; but how great was his Surprize, when he

found her inſtead of being rejoyced at having done her Duty, and being rid of a troubleſome Lover, walking about the Room like a mad Woman, crying and tearing her Hair; calling out ſhe was undone for ever; ſhe had no Refuge now; her Miſery muſt laſt as long as her Life.

HER Father had been in the Room ſome time before ſhe perceived him; and now ſhe took no notice of him; but continued walking about in the ſame manner. As ſoon as he could recollect himſelf, he began to talk to her, and aſked her what could be the Cauſe of all this Uneaſineſs; ſaid her Lover was juſt gone from the Door in a Coach, and he was come to praiſe her dutiful Behaviour. When ſhe heard *David* was quite gone, it increaſed her Agony, and ſhe could hardly forbear reproaching her Father, for being the Cauſe of her loſing ſuch a Man. For no ſooner did ſhe think him irretrievable, than ſhe fancied in him ſhe had loſt every thing truly valuable: And tho' that very Day all her Concern had been how to get rid of him; yet, now he was gone, ſhe would have ſacrificed (for the preſent) even her darling Vanity, if ſhe could have brought him back again. And when Mr. *Johnſon* would have comforted her, by telling her of the rich Huſband ſhe was to have, ſhe flew into the greateſt Rage imaginable, and ſwore, if ſhe could not ſee Mr. *Simple* again, ſhe would lock herſelf up, and never converſe with any living Creature more; for, without him, ſhe was undone and ruined.

HER Father who had no Idea *of a Woman's being ruin'd any way but one*, began to be ſtartled at her repeating that Word ſo often, and to fear that the Girl had been drawn in by her Paſſion to ſacrifice her Honour; he was terrified, leſt he ſhould prove the Dupe inſtead of Mr. *Simple*. He ſtood conſidering ſome time, and at laſt was going to burſt into a Rage with his Daughter, reſolving if ſhe was not virtuous, he would turn her out of Doors: But before he ſaid any thing in Anger to her, a ſudden thought came into his Mind, which turned him into a milder Temper. He conſidered that as the thing was not Publick, and Mr. *Nokes* was ignorant of it; it might be all huſhed up. He wiſely thought, that as ſhe was not in that deſperate Condition, in which ſome Women, who have been guil-

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ty of Indiſcretions of that kind, are, he might juſtify myſelf in forgiving her. If indeed her Reputation had been loſt, and ſhe had converſed long enough with a Man to have worn out her Youth and Beauty, and had been left in Poverty, and all kinds of Diſtreſs, without any hopes of Relief, *her Folly would then have been ſo glaring, he could by no means have own'd her for his Child.* But, as he did not at all doubt, when the firſt Sallies of her Grief were over, ſhe would conſent to follow her Intereſt, and marry the old Man; and that then he ſhould ſtill have the Pleaſure of ſeeing her a fine Lady, with her own Equipage attending her: He condeſcended to ſpeak to her in as kind a manner as if he had been ſure *Lucretia* herſelf (*whoſe Chaſtity nothing but the fear of loſing her Reputation could poſſibly have conquered*) had not excelled her in Virtue. He deſired her to be comforted; for if ſhe had been led aſtray by the Arts of a Man ſhe liked, if ſhe would be a good Girl, and follow his Advice in concealing it from, and marrying the Man who liked her, he would not only forgive it, but never upbraid, or mention it to her more.

SHE was quite amazed at this Speech; and the Conſideration, that even her own Father could ſuſpect her Virtue, which was dearer to her than her Life, did but aggravate her Sorrows. At firſt ſhe could not help frowning, and reproaching her Father for ſuch a Suſpicion, with ſome Hints of her great wonder, how it was poſſible there could be ſuch Creatures in the World; but, in a little time, her Thoughts were all taken up again with Mr. *Simple*'s leaving her. She told her Father, nothing but his returning could make her happy, and ſhe could not think how ſhe had loſt him; for ſhe never told him ſhe would prefer the other to him; tho' indeed ſhe was very wavering in her own Mind, yet ſhe had not expreſſed it to him, and his Indifference was what ſhe could not bear. If he had but ſigh'd, and been miſerable for the loſs of her, ſhe could have married her old Man without any great Reluctance: But the Thought that he had left her firſt was inſupportable. At this rate did ſhe run on for ſome time.

MR. *Johnſon*, who in his Youth had been very well acquainted with Women's Ways, and knew the Ebbs and Flows

Flows of their Paſſions, was very well ſatisfied, that as there was a great mixture of Vanity in the Sorrow ſhe expreſſed for the Loſs of her Lover, the greater Vanity would in the End conquer the leſs, and he ſhould bring her to act for her own, and his Intereſt: He therefore left her, to go and follow his own Affairs, and made no doubt of every thing ſucceeding according to his Wiſh. She ſpent ſome Time in the deepeſt Melancholy, and felt all the Miſery which attends a Woman who has many Things to wiſh, but knows not poſitively which ſhe wiſhes moſt. Sometimes her Imagination would repreſent Mr. *Simple* with all the Softneſs of a Lover, and then the Love ſhe had had for him would melt her into Tenderneſs; then in a Moment his Indifference and Neglect came into her Head, her Pride was piqued, and ſhe was all Rage and Indignation; then ſucceeded in her Thoughts, the old Man and his Money: So that Love, Rage, and Vanity were in the greateſt Contention, which ſhould poſſeſs the largeſt ſhare of her Inclinations. It cannot be determined how long this Agitation of Mind would have laſted, had not her Siſter's Marriage with the rich Jew put an end to it; which being celebrated with great Pomp and Splendor, made Miſs *Nanny* reſolve ſhe would not be outdone in Grandeur: She therefore conſented to give her Hand to Mr *Nokes*, and as he was ready to take her, it was ſoon concluded; and ſhe now no longer made any Difficulty of preferring Gaiety and Show to every thing in the World. She thought herſelf ill uſed by Mr. *Simple*, (not knowing the true Cauſe of his leaving her in that abrupt manner); ſo that her Pride helped her to overcome any Remains of Paſſion, and ſhe fancied herſelf in the Poſſeſſion of every thing which could give Happineſs, namely, ſplendid Equipages, and glittering Pomp. But ſhe ſoon found herſelf greatly miſtaken; her fine Houſe, by conſtantly living in it, became as inſipid as if it had been a Cottage: A ſhort time took away all the giddy Pleaſure which attends the firſt Satisfaction of Vanity.

HER Huſband, who was old, ſoon became full of Diſeaſes and Infirmities, which turned his Temper (naturally not very good) into Moroſeneſs and Ill-nature: And as he had married a Woman, whom he thought very much

much obliged to him, on account of his Superiority of Fortune, he was convinced it was but reaſonable ſhe ſhould comply with his peeviſh Humours; ſo that ſhe had not lived long with him, before the only Comfort ſhe had, was in the Hopes of out-living him.

SHE certainly would ſoon have broke her Heart, had ſhe known that all this Miſery, and the Loſs of the greateſt Happineſs, in being tenderly uſed by a Man of Senſe, who loved her, was her own Fault; but as ſhe thought it his Inconſtancy, to his Generoſity, in not telling her the Truth, ſhe owed the avoiding that painful Reflection. The uneaſy State of her Mind made her peeviſh, and croſs to all around her; and ſhe never had the Pleaſure of enjoying that Fortune, which ſhe had been ſo deſirous of obtaining: Her Huſband, notwithſtanding his old Age, died of a ſpotted Fever; ſhe caught the Infection of him, and ſurvived him but three Days. But I think it now full Time to look after my Hero.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remarkable Contention between three Siſters.

POOR *David*'s Heart was ready to burſt. He ordered his Coach to drive into *Fleetſtreet*, where he preſently took a Lodging; and now being at ſome Diſtance from the Cauſe of his Torment, and at Liberty to reflect on what had paſſed, he found it was much harder to conquer a Paſſion than to raiſe it; for notwithſtanding the great Contempt he had for his Miſtreſs's Conduct, and his Averſion to the very Thought of a mercenary Woman; yet would his Fancy ſet before him, all thoſe Scenes of Pleaſure he once imagined he ſhould enjoy with the Object of his Love. With thoſe Thoughts returned all his Fondneſs: Then came his Reaſon ſpitefully to awake him from the pleaſing Dream, and repreſented to him, he ought to forget it was ever in the Power of a Perſon, who had ſo highly deſerved to be deſpiſed, to have contributed to his Pleaſure. But all the Pains he could take to overcome his Inclination for her, could not make

make him perfectly eaſy; ſometimes he would weep, to think that Vanity ſhould prevent ſuch a Creature from being perfect; then would he reflect on the Opinion he once had of her, and from thence conclude, if ſhe could have ſuch Faults, no Woman was ever truly good; and that Nature had certainly thrown in ſome Vices to Women's Minds, leſt good Men ſhould have more Happineſs than they are able to bear. On this Conſideration, he thought it would be in vain to ſearch the World round, for he was ſure he could meet with nothing better than what he had already ſeen; and he fancied he might certainly juſtify himſelf in going back to her, who had no Faults but what Nature, for ſome wiſe Purpoſe, had given to all Creatures of the ſame Kind: He began to flatter himſelf, that Time and Converſation with him, would get the better of thoſe ſmall Frailties *(for ſuch he ſoon began to think them)* which, perhaps, might be only owing to Youth, and the Want of a good Education. With theſe Reflections, he was ready to go back, to throw himſelf at her Feet, and aſk ten thouſand Pardons for believing his own Senſes; to confeſs himſelf highly to blame, and unworthy her Favour, for having left her. However, he had juſt Senſe enough left, to ſend a Spy firſt, to enquire into her Conduct concerning the old Man, who came juſt as ſhe was married. This News aſſiſted him to get the better of his Love; and he never inquired for her more, tho' he was often thoughtful on her Account.

Now was *David* in the ſame Condition as when he diſcovered his Brother's Treachery. The World was to begin again with him; for he could find no Pleaſure in it, unleſs he could meet with a Companion who deſerved his Eſteem: He had been uſed ill, by both the Man and the Woman he had loved. This gave him but a melancholy Proſpect, and ſometimes he was in perfect Deſpair; but then his own Mind was a Proof to him, that Generoſity, Good-nature, and a Capacity for real Friendſhip, were to be found in the World. Beſides, he ſaw the Shadow of thoſe Virtues in ſo many Minds, that he did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the Subſtance muſt exiſt in ſome Place or other. He reſolved, therefore, to go on his

his Search; for he was ſure, if ever he could find a valuable Friend, in either Man or Woman, he ſhould be doubly paid for all the Pains and Difficulties he could poſſibly go through.

He took a new Lodging every Week, and always the firſt thing he did, was to enquire of his Lady, the Reputation of all the Neighbourhood; but he never could hear one good Character, from any one of them, only every one ſeparately gave very broad Hints of their own Goodneſs, *and what Pity it was, they ſhould be obliged to live amongſt ſuch a ſet of People.* As he was not quite ſo credulous to take their Words, he generally, in two or three Days, had ſome Reaſon to believe they were not totally exempt from Partiality to themſelves. He went from Houſe to Houſe, for ſome Time, without meeting with any Adventure worth relating. He found all the Women tearing one another to Pieces from Envy, and the Men ſacrificing each other for every trifling Intereſt. Every Shop he went into, he heard Men ſwear they could not afford their Goods under ſuch a Price one Minute, and take a great deal leſs the next; *which even his Charity could not impute to the deſire of ſerving the Buyer.* In ſhort, the Generality of Scenes he ſaw, he could never mention without a Sigh, or think of without a Tear.

In one of the Houſes where he lodged, the Maſter of the Family died while he was there. This Man had three Daughters, every one of whom, attended him with the utmoſt Duty and Care during his Illneſs, and at the Approach of his laſt Moments, ſhewed ſuch Agonies of Grief and tender Sorrow, as gave our Hero great Pleaſure. He reflected how much happier the World would be, if all Parents would ſuſtain the helpleſs Infancy of their Children, with that Tenderneſs and Care, which would be thought natural by every good Mind, unexperienced in the World, for all Creatures to have towards every thing immediately placed under their Protection; and as they grew older, form their Minds, and inſtruct them, with that Gentleneſs and Affection, which would plainly prove every thing they ſaid or did, was for their Good, inſtead of commanding them with an arbitrary Power. He thought that Children thus educated, with

grateful

grateful Minds, would return that Care and Love to their Parents, when old Age and Infirmities rendered them Objects of Compaſſion, and made it neceſſary for them to be attended with more Aſſiduity, than is generally met with in thoſe People who only ſerve them for their Money.

THE three Daughters above-mentioned never ceaſed crying and lamenting, till their Father was buried, in all which time Mr. *Simple* did all he could to comfort them; but, as ſoon as the Funeral was over, they dried up their Tears, and ſeemed quite recovered. The next Morning, as *David* was muſing by himſelf, he was ſtartled by a ſudden Noiſe he knew not what to make of. At laſt he fancied it was the chattering of Magpyes; then he recollected, that ſome young female Neighbours of his, fearing leſt there ſhould be *too much Silence in their Houſe*, kept two or three Parrots to entertain themſelves with. At laſt he thought he heard ſomething like the Sound of human Voices, but ſo confuſed and intermixed, three or four together, that nothing could be diſtinguiſhed. He got up, and went towards the Room the Noiſe ſeemed to come from: But how great was his Amazement, when he threw open the Door, and ſaw the three dutiful Daughters (whom he had ſo much applauded in his own Mind) looking one pale as Death, the other red at Scarlet, according as their different Conſtitutions or Complexions were worked on by violent Paſſions; each of them holding a Corner of a moſt beautiful Carpet in her Hand. The Moment they ſaw *David*, they ran to him, got hold of him, and began to tell their Story all at a time. They were agitated by their Rage to ſuch a Degree, that not one of them could ſpeak plain enough to be underſtood; ſo that he ſtood as if he had been ſurrounded by the three Furies, for a conſiderable time, before he could have any Comprehenſion what they would be at. At laſt, with great Intreaties that one of them would ſpeak at a time, he ſo far prevailed, that the Eldeſt told him the Story, though it was not without ſeveral Interruptions and many Diſputes.

THEIR Father had left all he had to be divided equally amongſt them; and when they came to examine his Effects

Effects (which they did very early in the Morning after his Funeral) they found this Carpet, which was a Preſent to him from a Merchant, and was one of the fineſt that was ever ſeen. The Moment they ſet Eyes on it, they every one reſolved to have it for themſelves, on which aroſe a moſt violent Quarrel; and, as none of them would give it up, the moſt reſolute of them took a pair of Sciſſars, and cut it into three parts. They were all vexed to have it ſpoiled, yet each was better pleaſed, than if either of the Siſters had had it whole. But ſtill the Difference was not decided, for in one of the Pieces was a more remarkable fine Flower than the reſt, and this they had every one fixed on as their own. When *David* had heard all this, he could not expreſs his Aſtoniſhment, but ſtood ſtaring at them, like one *who has ſeen, or fancies he has ſeen, a Ghoſt.* He deſired them to let go their Hold, for he could not poſſibly be a Judge in a Diſpute of ſo nice a Nature. On which they all cried out, they would have the Flower divided; for they had rather ſee it cut into a thouſand pieces, than that any Body ſhould have it but themſelves.

As ſoon as *David* could free himſelf from them, he ran down Stairs, got as far out of their Hearing as he could, and left the Houſe that very Night.

THE Behaviour of theſe Siſters to each other, and that lately ſhown to their Father, may appear perhaps very inconſiſtent, and difficult to be reconciled. But it muſt be conſidered, that as the old Man had always preſerved all the Power in his own Hands, they had been uſed implicitly to obey his Commands, and wait on him; and as to their Grief at his Death, there is to moſt People a Terror and Melancholy in Death itſelf, which ſtrikes them with Horror at the Sight of it: And it being uſual for Families to cry and mourn for their Relations, till they are buried, there is ſuch a prevalency in Cuſtom, that it is not uncommon to ſee a whole Houſe in Tears, for the Death of thoſe very People they have hated and abuſed while living, tho' their Grief ceaſes with their Funerals. But theſe three Siſters had an inveterate Hatred to each other; for the eldeſt being much older than the others, had, during their Childhood, uſurped ſo unreaſonable an Authority over them, as they could

could never forgive; and as they were handſomer when they grew up than ſhe was, they were more liked by the reſt of the World, and conſequently more diſliked and hated by her. The other two, as they were nearer of an Age, in all Appearance might have agreed better; but they had met with one of thoſe fine Gentleman, who make Love to every Woman they chance to be in Company with. Each of theſe two Siſters fancied he was in love with her; they therefore grew jealous Rivals, and never after could endure one another: Yet, notwithſtanding all this, I make no Doubt, but on the Death of of either, the others could have performed the *Ceremony of crying*, with as good a Grace as if they had loved one another ever ſo well. Nay, and what is yet more ſurprizing, this Grief might not have been altogether Affectation: For when any Perſon is in ſo low a State of Body, Mind, or Fortune, as makes it impoſſible for them to be the Objects of Envy, if there is the leaſt Grain of Compaſſion or Good-nature in the human Mind, it has full power to exert itſelf, and the thought of being about for ever to loſe any Body we are uſed to converſe with, like a Charm, ſuddenly baniſhes from our thoughts all the bad, which former piques and quarrels ever ſuggeſted to us they had in them, and immediately brings to our Remembrance all the good Qualities they poſſeſſed.

POOR Mr. *Simple* began now utterly to deſpair, that he ſhould ever meet with any Perſons who would *give him Leave* to have a good Opinion of them a Week together; for he found ſuch a Mixture of bad in all thoſe he had yet met with, that as ſoon as he began to think well of any one, they were ſure to do ſomething to ſhock him, and overthrow his Eſteem: He was in doubt in his own Mind, whether he ſhould not go to ſome remote Corner of the Earth, lead the Life of a Hermit, and never ſee a human Face again; but, as he was naturally of a ſocial Temper, he could not bear the thoughts of ſuch a Life. He therefore concluded he would proceed in this Scheme, till he had gone through all degrees of people; and, if he continued ſtill unſucceſsful, he could but retire at laſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Wherein is to be ſeen the Infallibility of Men's Judgments concerning the Virtues or Vices of their own Wives. A Scene taken from very low Life, in which only ſuch Examples are to be found.

AS *David* was one Day walking along the *Strand*, full of theſe Reflections, he met a Man with ſo contented a Countenance, he could not forbear having a Curioſity to know who he was: he therefore watched him home; and, on Enquiry, found he was a Carpenter, who work'd very hard, brought Home all the Money he could get to his Wife, and that they led a very quiet peaceable Life together. He was reſolv'd to take the firſt Opportunity of ſending for him, on Pretence of employing him in his Trade, in order to know from his own Mouth, what it was cauſed thoſe great Signs of Happineſs, which ſo viſibly appear'd in his Countenance. The Man told him, "He was indeed the happieſt of all Mortals: for "he certainly had the beſt Wife in the World; to which "was owing that Chearfulneſs he was pleas'd to take No-"tice of." This ſtill raiſed his Curioſity the more, and made him reſolve to go to the Man's Houſe to obſerve his Manner of Living. He told him he had a Deſire to ſee this good Woman, whoſe Character pleaſed him ſo well, and that he would go Home to Dinner with him. The Carpenter, who thought he never had Witneſſes enough of his *Wife's Goodneſs*, ſaid, "He ſhould be very "proud of his Company." And Home they went together.

MR. *Simple* expected to have found every Thing prepared in a neat, tho' plain Way, by this *extraordinary Woman*, for the Reception and Comfort of her Huſband, after his Morning's Work: But how greatly was he ſurprized, when he heard by a Prentice Boy, (who was left at Home to wait on her, inſtead of aſſiſting his Maſter in his Buſineſs) that ſhe was in Bed, and deſired her Huſband would go and buy the Dinner, which the Boy dreſs'd for them, but very ill; and, when it was ready, the Lady condeſcended to ſit down at Table with them with

with the Boy waiting behind her Chair; and what was ſtill the more amazing, was, that this Woman was ugly, to ſuch a Degree, that it was a Wonder any Man could think of her at all. The whole Dinner paſs'd in the Man's Praiſes of her Good-Humour and Virtue, and in Exultings in the Happineſs of poſſeſſing *ſuch a Creature*.

THIS Scene perplex'd *David* more than any Thing he had yet ſeen, and he endeavour'd all he could to account for it. He therefore deſir'd to board with them a Week, in order to find out, if poſſible, what could be the Cauſe of a Man's Fondneſs *for ſuch a Woman*. In all the Time he was there, he obſerved ſhe indulged herſelf in drinking Tea, and in ſuch Expences as a Man in his Way could not poſſibly ſupply, notwithſtanding all his Induſtry; but he thought nothing too much for her. After all the Reflections that could be made on this Subject, there could be no other Reaſon aſſign'd for this poor Man's being ſuch a willing Slave, but her great Pride, and high Spirit, which impoſed on him, and made him afraid to diſoblige her; together with a certain Self-ſufficiency in all ſhe ſaid or did; which, joined to her Superiority to him in Birth (ſhe having been a Lady's waiting Gentlewoman) made him imagine her much more capable than ſhe really was, in all Reſpects.

I THINK it very likely, if ſhe had known her own Deſerts, and been humble in her Behaviour, he would have paid her no other Compliment, than that of confeſſing her in the Right, in the mean Thoughts ſhe had of herſelf. He then would have been Maſter in his own Houſe, and have made a Drudge of her; an Inſtance of which, *David* ſaw while he was there, by a Man who came one Day to viſit his Neighbour, and was what is called by thoſe Sort of People, a jolly Companion: The firſt Thing he did, was to abuſe his Wife. He ſaid, "he had left her at Home out of Humour, and would "always deal with her after that Manner, when he "found her inclined to be ill tempered." The Carpenter caſt a Look on *his Wife*, which expreſſed his Satisfaction, in having ſo much the Advantage of his Acquaintance. The other went on, in ſaying, "for his Part, he could

"never

" never have any Thing he liked at Home, therefore he " would ſtay but little there."

DAVID hearing all this, had a great Deſire to ſee if this Woman was as much better than her Huſband thought her, as the other was worſe; and told the Man, if he would let him come and board with him a Week, he would give him his own Price. The other anſwered, " He ſhould be very welcome, but his Wife " did Things in ſuch an aukward Way, he was afraid he " would not ſtay there a Day." But he, who was very indifferent as to what he eat and drank, was not frighten'd at this, and went Home with the Man. He found the Woman hard at Work, with two ſmall Children, the eldeſt not four Years old, playing round her; they were dreſſed in coarſe Things, full of Patch-work, but yet whole and clean; every Thing in the Houſe was neat, and plainly proved the Miſtreſs of that Family, having no Servant, could not be idle. As ſoon as they came in, ſhe roſe from her Work, made an humble Court'ſy to the Stranger, and received her Huſband with a Mixture of Love and Fear. He, in a ſurly Tone, ſaid, " Well " *Moll*, I hope you are in a better Humour than " when I left you, here is a Gentleman wants to board " with us for a Week, you had beſt not be in your " Airs; none of your crying and whining, for I won't " ſtay an Hour in the Houſe, if you don't behave your- " ſelf as you ought." The poor Woman, who could hardly refrain from Tears, ſaid, " indeed, ſhe was in " very good Humour, and would do all ſhe could in her " homely Way, to give the Gentleman Content." She had been very pretty, but her Eyes now had a Deadneſs in them, and her Countenance was grown pale, which ſeemed to be occaſioned by the Sorrow and hard Labour ſhe had endured, which produced the Effects of old Age, even in Youth itſelf.

THE Huſband never ſpoke for any Thing but it was done, as if by Inchantment; for ſhe flew to obey him, the Moment he but intimated his Inclinations, ſhe watched his very Looks, to obſerve what he would have, and if ever he expreſſed himſelf mildly, it ſeemed to give her vaſt Pleaſure. Every Thing was ordered in the Houſe, in the moſt frugal and beſt Manner poſſible; yet

yet ſhe could ſeldom get a good Word from the Man ſhe endeavoured to pleaſe. Her modeſt Behaviour, Love to her Huſband, and Tenderneſs for her Children, in ſhort, every thing ſhe did or ſaid, raiſed a great Compaſſion in *David*, and a ſtrong Deſire to know her Story, which he took the firſt Opportunity of deſiring her to relate. She for a great while excuſed herſelf, ſaying, ſhe could not tell her Story without reflecting on the Man ſhe was unwilling to blame. But on *David*'s aſſuring her, every thing ſhould be a Secret, and that he would exert the utmoſt of his Power to ſerve her, ſhe was at laſt prevailed on to give the following Account of her Life.

" As you ſeem, Sir, ſo deſirous of knowing my Miſ-
" fortunes, I cannot refuſe complying with your Re-
" queſt; tho' the Remembrance of moſt the paſt Scenes
" of my Life brings nothing but melancholy Thoughts to
" my Mind, which I endeavour, as much as poſſible
" to avoid. Indeed, I have ſo few Comforts, that it's
" well my being continually obliged to employ myſelf in
" feeding and covering theſe my little ones, prevents my
" having time to think ſo much, as otherwiſe I ſhould.

" My Father was a great Diſtiller in this City, and I
" was bred up with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Care,
" till I was ten Years old, when he died and left me to the
" Care of an elder Brother, to depend on his pleaſure
" for my Support. He was a ſort of Man, it is im-
" poſſible to draw any Character of, for I never knew
" him do one Action in my Life, that was not too much
" in the common Road to be remarked. He kept me in
" his Houſe without either abuſing or ſhewing the leaſt
" Affection towards me; by which ſort of Behaviour,
" he neither gain'd my Love nor my Hatred, but I lived
" a dull Life with very few things to amuſe me: for as
" all the Companions I uſed to play with in my Father's
" Time, had plenty of Money, and I now was kept
" without any, they ſoon ſhunned me, and I was as wil-
" ling to avoid them, having too much Pride to be be-
" holden to them for paying my ſhare of the Expence.
" I had now nothing to do but to fly to Books for Re-
" fuge: All the Pleaſure I had, was in reading Roman-
" ces, ſo that by the time I was Fifteen, my Head was
" full

" full of nothing but Love. While I was in this Diſpo-
" ſition, one Sunday, as I came out of Church, an
" old Woman followed me, and whiſpered in my Ear,
" if I had a mind to ſave a pretty young Fellow's Life,
" I ſhould give a kind Anſwer to a Note he had ſent by
" her; which ſhe put into my Hand, and preſently
" mixed among the Croud. I made haſte home with
" the utmoſt Impatience to read my Letter; it con-
" tained the ſtrongeſt Expreſſions of Love, and was writ
" ſo much in the ſtrain of ſome of my favourite Books,
" that I was overjoyed at the Thoughts of ſuch an Ad-
" venture. However, I would not Anſwer it, thinking
" ſome Years Service due to me, before ſuch a Favour
" ſhould be granted; for I began now to look on my-
" ſelf as the Heroine of a Romance. The young Man
" was Clerk to an Attorney in the Neighbourhood, and
" was none of thoſe luke-warm Lovers, who require
" their Miſtreſſes to meet them half way, but he fol-
" lowed me with the utmoſt Aſſiduity. This exactly
" ſuited my Taſte, and I ſoon found a great Inclination
" for him, yet was reſolved to make a long Courtſhip of
" it; but a very few meetings with him, got the better
" of all my Reſolutions, and he made me engage my-
" ſelf to him.

" If my Brother had treated me with Good-nature, I
" certainly ſhould have acquainted him with this Affair:
" but he took ſo little Notice of me, and when ever I
" ſpoke to him, ſhewed ſuch a Contempt for talking with
" Girls, that he being twice my Age, I contracted ſuch
" an Awe of him, I really was afraid to tell him of it.
" I take ſhame to myſelf, for giving ſo eaſily into an Af-
" fair of this nature: but I was young, and had no
" body to adviſe or inſtruct me, for my Mother died
" when I was an Infant: which, I hope may be ſome
" excuſe for me, but I won't tire you with my fooliſh
" Remarks.

" My Brother happened one day to bring home a
" young Man to dinner with him, who took ſuch a
" fancy to me, he would have married me. My Perſon
" then, as I was told, was very agreeable, tho' now,
" Sir, I am ſo altered, nobody would know me to be
" the ſame Woman. This young Man was in very good

" Cir-

" Circumſtances, which you may be ſure, made my
" Brother readily agree to it. He therefore told me of
" it, but was greatly ſurprized, to find me utterly averſe
" to the Match; he teazed me ſo much about it, that
" at laſt I told him the Truth, that I was already en-
" gaged, both in Honour and Inclination, to another.
" On hearing this, he fell into the moſt violent Rage ima-
" ginable, at my daring to engage myſelf to any one
" without his Conſent. He told me, the Man I had
" pleaſed to take a fancy to, was a pitiful Fellow.
" That his Maſter often ſaid he would never come to
" any Good, for he thought of nothing but his Pleaſures,
" and never minded his Buſineſs. In ſhort, he ſaid, if I
" would not give him up he would abandon me, and ne-
" ver ſee me more. This Roughneſs and Brutality made
" me ſtill fonder of my Lover, who was all Com-
" plaiſance and Eagerneſs to pleaſe me. I took the firſt
" Opportunity of informing him what had happened.
" He was not at all concerned, as he ſaw me ſo reſolute,
" only he preſſed me to marry him immediately, which
" my fooliſh Fondneſs ſoon made me conſent to. My
" Brother was as good as his word, for he would never
" ſee me more. And, indeed it was not long, before I
" found what he had told me was too true, that my Huſ-
" band would not follow his Buſineſs; for as ſoon as he
" was out of his Time, he ſwore he would have no
" more to do with it. His Father was a very good Man,
" but unfortunately for me, died ſoon after we were
" married; for he would have been kind to me, if he
" lived. He had more Children, and was not very
" rich, ſo that he could not leave us a great deal: How-
" ever he left me 30 *l. per Annum*, in an Annuity;
" and to his Son 500 *l.* which he ſoon ſpent, and made
" me ſell my Annuity: I have never refuſed him any
" thing ſince we have been married. You ſee, Sir, by
" the manner we live, Money is not very plenty with
" us, tho' I do my Houſhold Affairs myſelf, take care
" of my poor Children, and am glad to do Plain-Work
" beſides, when I can get it; that, by all means poſſible
" I may help to ſupport the Man, whom yet I love with
" the greateſt Fondneſs, notwithſtanding you ſee he doth
" not treat me with an equal Tenderneſs.

" He

"HE has a Brother, who allows him a ſmall matter, "ſo that we made ſhift to rub on with Bread, and I could "be content with my Lot, if he behaved to me as when "we were married; what has occaſioned this Alteration "I cannot imgaine, for I don't find he converſes with "any other Woman, and I have always been a very "humble Wife: I have humoured him in every thing "he has deſired: I have never upbraided him with the "Miſery I have ſuffer'd for his ſake, nor refus'd him "any of the little Money I get. I remember once, when "I had but juſt enough to buy a Dinner for the Day, "and had been hard at work, he had a mind to go "out, where he thought he ſhould be merry: I let "him have this little, and conceal'd from him that I had "no more; thinking it impoſſible for him to take it, if "he had known the Truth. I had eat nothing but "bread that Day. When he came home at night, I re-"ceiv'd him with great good Humour; but had a Faint-"neſs upon me, which prevented my being chearful, "which he immediately imputed to the badneſs of my "Temper. He ſwore there was no living *with Women*, "for they had ſuch *vile Humours* no Mortal could bear "them. Thus even my Tenderneſs for him is turn'd "againſt me, and I can do nothing that he does not diſ-"like; yet my Fondneſs ſtill continues for him, and there "are no pains I would not take, if he would return it; "but he imputes it to a Warmth in my Inclination, "which *Accident* might as well have given to another "Man."

DAVID, who ſat ſilent all this while, and attended to her Diſcourſe, was amazed at her Story; he aſſured her he would do all in his power to ſerve her, and would leave her ſome Money, which ſhe might produce at times as ſhe thought proper; and try if finding her always able and willing to ſupply her Huſband with what he wanted, would not make him kinder to her. He ſaid he had great Compaſſion for her, gave her five Guineas being all he had about him, and promiſed to ſend her more, which he punctually perform'd.

WHEN *David* came to reflect, he was perfectly amazed, how it was poſſible for one Man to be continually rejoicing in his own Happineſs, and declaring he had

the beſt of Wives, altho' ſhe ſpent all his Subſtance and threw the burthen of every thing upon him; while another was continually complaining of his Wife, when her whole Time and Labour was ſpent to promote his Intereſt, and ſupport him and his Children. *However common it may be in the World*, the Goodneſs of *David*'s Heart could not conceive how it was poſſible for good Uſage to make a Man deſpiſe his Wife, inſtead of returning Gratitude and Good-humour for her Fondneſs. He never once reflected on what is perhaps really the Caſe, that to prevent a Huſband's Surfeit or Satiety in the Matrimonial Feaſt, a little Acid is now and then very prudently thrown into the Diſh by the Wife.

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſome Proofs that all Men are not exactly what they wiſh to paſs for in the World.

THE next Lodging our Hero took was near *Covent-Garden*; where he met with a Gentleman, who accidentally lodg'd in the ſame Houſe, whoſe Converſation Mr. *Simple* was mightily charmed with: He had ſomething in his Manner, which ſeemed to declare that inward Serenity of Mind, which ariſes from a Conſciouſneſs of doing well, and every Trifle appeared to give him pleaſure, becauſe he had no Tumult within to diſturb his Happineſs. His Sentiments were all ſo refined, and his Thoughts ſo delicate, that *David* imagined ſuch a Companion, if he was not again deceived in his Opinion, would be the greateſt Bleſſing this World could afford.

THIS Gentleman, whoſe name was *Orgueil*, being of a *French* Extraction, was equally pleaſed with Mr. *Simple*, and they ſpent their whole time together: He had a great deal of good Acquaintance, that is, he converſed with all the People of Senſe he could meet with, without any Conſiderations what their Fortunes were; for he did not rate Men at all by the Riches they poſſeſſed, but by their own Behaviour. In this Man therefore did *David* think he had met with the Completion of all his Wiſhes; for, on the cloſeſt Obſervation, he could

not

not find he was guilty of any one Vice, or that he neglected any Opportunity in his Power of doing good; the only Fault he could ever diſcern in him, was a too ſevere Condemnation of others Actions: for he would never make allowance for the Frailties of Human Nature, but expected every one to act up to the ſtricteſt Rules of Reaſon and Goodneſs. But this was overlooked by a Friend, and imputed to his knowing, by himſelf, the Poſſibility of avoiding thoſe Frailties, if due Care was taken. Wherever he went, he carried *David* with him, and introduced him into a perfect new Scene of Life: for hitherto his Converſation had been chiefly amongſt a lower Degree of Men. The Company in which Mr. *Orgueil* delighted was People who were bred to genteel Profeſſions, and who were neither to be reckoned in very high, nor in low Life. They went one Night to a Tavern, with four other Gentlemen, who had every one a great deal of that kind of Wit, which conſiſts in the Aſſemblage of thoſe Ideas, which tho' not commonly join'd, have ſuch a Reſemblance to each other, that there is nothing prepoſterous, or monſtrous in the joining them; whereas I have known ſome People, for the ſake of ſaying a witty thing, as it were by force, haul together ſuch inconſiſtent Ideas, as nothing but Vanity, and a ſtrong Reſolution of being witty in *ſpite of Nature*, could have made them think of. But this Converſation was quite of a different kind; all the Wit was free and eaſy; every thing that was ſaid ſeem'd to be ſpoke with a deſire of entertaining the Company, without any Reflection on the Applauſe that was to ariſe from it to themſelves. In ſhort, nothing but Envy and Anger, at not having been Author of every thing that was ſaid, could have prevented any Perſon's being pleaſed with every Expreſſion that was made uſe of. And, as *David*'s Mind was entirely free from thoſe low, mean Qualities, his Entertainment was pure and unmixed.

THE next Morning paſſed in Obſervations on the Converſation of the foregoing Night, and *David* thanked his Friend for the Pleaſure his Acquaintance had given him. "Ay, ſays the other, I do not in the leaſt doubt "but one of your taſte muſt be highly ſatisfied with "every one of thoſe Gentlemen you ſupped with

" laſt Night; but your Goodneſs will make you ſigh at " what I am going to relate. Each of thoſe Men you " are ſo delighted with, has ſuch glaring Faults, as make " them all unfit to be thought of, in any other light, " than that of contributing to our Diverſion. They " are not to be truſted, nor depended on in any point in " in Life; and altho' they have ſuch Parts and Senſe, " that I cannot help liking their Company, I am forced " when I reflect, to think of them juſt as I do of a Buf- " foon, who diverts me, without engaging either my " Love or Eſteem. Perhaps you may blame me, when " I have told you their real Characters, for having any " thing to ſay to them; but, as I conſider I have not " the power of Creation, I muſt take Men as they are; " and a Man muſt be miſerable, who cannot bring him- " ſelf to enjoy all the Pleaſures he can innocently attain, " without examining too nicely into the Delicacy of " them. That Man who ſat next you, and to whom I " was not at all ſurprized to ſee you hearken with ſo " much Attention, notwithſtanding all thoſe beautiful " Thoughts of his on Covetouſneſs, and the Eloquence " in which he diſplay'd its Contemptibleneſs, is ſo great " a Miſer, that he would let the greateſt Friend ſuffer " the height of Miſery rather than part with any thing " to relieve him. For Men of his Turn of Mind take " as great an Averſion to thoſe People, whom they think " themſelves, or to ſpeak more properly, their Cheſts a " penny the poorer for, as Children do to the Surgeons " who have drawn away any of their Blood.

" THAT other Gentleman, who ſeem'd to pitch on " Extravagance as the propereſt Subject to harangue " againſt, is himſelf the moſt extravagant of all Mor- " tals; he values not how he gets Money, ſo that he " can but ſpend it; and notwithſtanding his Laviſhneſs, " he is full as much a Miſer, to every body but him- " ſelf as the other. Indeed he is reputed by the miſtak- " en World to be generous; and, as he perfectly un- " derſtands the Art of flattering himſelf, he believes he is " ſo: but nothing can be farther from it. For, tho' he " would not ſcruple to throw away the laſt twenty Gui- " neas he had in the World, to ſatisfy any Fancy of his " own, he would at the ſame time grudge a Shilling to do

" any

"any thing that is right, or to ſerve another. Theſe "two Men, who appeared ſo widely different, you may "ſuppoſe have a ſtrong Contempt for each other; but if "they could think of themſelves with that Impartiality, "and judge of their own Actions with that good Senſe, "with which they judge of every thing elſe, they would "find that they are much more alike than they at pre-"ſent imagine. The Motive of both their Actions is "Selfiſhneſs, which makes every thing center wholly in "themſelves. It was Accident brought them together "laſt Night, for a covetous Man as naturally ſhuns the "Company of a Prodigal, unleſs he has a great Eſtate, "and he can make a Prey of him, as an envious ugly "Woman does that of a handſome one, unleſs ſhe can "contrive to do her ſome miſchief by converſing with "her.

"THAT Gentleman who ſat next me, and inveigh-"ed againſt Treachery and Ingratitude, with ſuch a "Strength of Imagination, and delightful Variety of Ex-"preſſions, that a *Pythagorean* would have thought the "Soul of *Seneca* had been tranſmigrated into him; I "know a Story of, that will at once raiſe your Wonder "and Deteſtation.

"HIS Father was one of thoſe ſort of Men, who, "tho' he never deſigned any Ill, yet from an indolent, "careleſs Diſpoſition, and truſting his Affairs entirely to "others, ran out a very good Eſtate, and left his Son at "the Age of Fifteen, upon the wide World to ſhift for "himſelf. An old Gentleman in the Neighbourhood "took a great fancy to this Boy, from the Genius he "ſaw in him. He received him into his Houſe, kept "him, as if he had been his own Son, and at length "made uſe of all his Intereſt to procure him a Com-"miſſion in the Army, which he accompliſhed; and be-"ing in time of Peace, he eaſily obtained leave for him "to come often, and ſpend much of his Time at his "Houſe. The good old Man had a Daughter, who was "juſt Fifteen when our Spark was Twenty; ſhe was "handſome to a miracle, the Object of her Father's moſt "tender Love and Affection, and the Admiration of "every body who knew her. She repaid her Father's "Tenderneſs with the utmoſt Duty and Care to pleaſe

" him, and her whole Happineſs was placed in his Kind-
" neſs and good Opinion of her. She was naturally
" warm in her Paſſions, and inclined to love every body,
" who endeavoured to oblige her. This young Gentle-
" man ſoon fell in love with her: That is, *he found it*
" *was in her power to give him Pleaſure, and he gave*
" *himſelf no trouble what Price ſhe paid for gratifying*
" *his Inclination.* In ſhort, he made uſe of all the Arts
" he is maſter of, (and you ſee how agreeable he can
" make himſelf) to get her Affections; which as ſoon as
" he found he had obtained, he made no ſcruple of making
" uſe of that very Love in her Breaſt (which ought to have
" made him wiſh to protect and guard her from every
" Misfortune) to betray her into the greateſt Scene of
" Miſery imaginable; and all the return he made to the
" Man, who had been a Father to him from Choice,
" and Good-nature, was, to deſtroy all the Comfort he
" propoſed in his old Age, of ſeeing his beloved, only
" Child happy.

" He was ſoon weary of her, and then left her in a
" Condition the moſt unable to bear Afflictions, to ſuffer
" more than can be expreſſed. The being forſaken by
" the Man ſhe loved, and the Horror of being diſcovered
" by her Father, made her almoſt diſtracted; it was
" not that ſhe was afraid of her Father, but ſhe loved
" him ſo well that her greateſt Terror was the Thoughts
" of making him uneaſy. It was impoſſible to conceal
" her Folly long, and ſhe could by no means bring her-
" ſelf to diſcloſe it. The alteration of her Behaviour,
" which from the moſt lively Chearfulneſs, grew into a
" ſettled Melancholy, with her pale and dejected Coun-
" tenance, made the poor old Man fear ſhe was going
" into a Conſumption. He was always enquiring what
" was the matter with her; he perceived whenever he
" ſpoke to her on that Subject, the tears riſing in her
" Eyes, and that ſhe was hardly able to give him an An-
" ſwer. At laſt, by continual Importunities he got from
" her the whole Truth. What Words can deſcribe his
" Diſtreſs when he heard it! his Thoughts were ſo
" confuſed, and his Amazement ſo great, it was ſome
" time before he could utter his Words. She ſtood pale
" and trembling before him, without Power to ſpeak,

" till

" till at laſt ſhe fainted away. He then catched her in " his Arms, cried out for Help, and the Moment ſhe " began to recover, welcomed her returning Life, not in " Paſſion and Reproaches, but in all the moſt endearing " Expreſſions the moſt tender Love could ſuggeſt. He " aſſured her, he never would upbraid her; that all his " Reſentment ſhould fall on the proper Object, *i. e.* the " Villain who had impoſed on her ſoft artleſs Temper, " to both their Ruins. He wondered what could induce " the Wretch to ſo much Baſeneſs, ſince if he had aſked " her in Marriage, as ſhe was fond of him, there was " nothing he would not have done to have made her " eaſy. Nay, ſaid he, with Tears burſting from his " aged Eyes, I ſhould have an additional Pleaſure in " contributing to the Happineſs of that Man who hath " now ſo barbarouſly deſtroyed all the Comfort I pro- " poſed in my Decline of Life, and hath undone me, " and my poor only Girl.

" THIS Exceſs of Goodneſs was more fatal to the " wretched young Creature, than if he had behaved " as moſt Fathers do in the like Caſe; who, when " they find their Vanity diſappointed, and deſpair of " ſeeing their Daughters married to Advantage, fall " into a violent Rage, and turn them out of Doors: for " this uncommon Behaviour of his, quite overcame her, " ſhe fell from one fainting Fit to another, and lived " but three Days. During all which Time, ſhe would " never let her Father ſtir from her, and all ſhe ſaid, " was to beg of him to be comforted, to forget and " drive her out of his Memory. On this Occaſion " ſhe exerted an uncommon Height of Generoſity; for " by exaggerating her own Fault, ſhe endeavoured to " draw his Mind from contemplating her former Beha- " viour, and all thoſe little Scenes, in which, by the " utmoſt Duty and Tenderneſs, ſhe had ſo often drawn " Tears of Joy from her then happy Father: but the " Thoughts of his Goodneſs to her overwhelm'd her " Soul; the Apprehenſion that ever ſhe had been the " Cauſe of ſo much Grief to him, was worſe than ten " thouſand Deaths to her; all the reſt ſhe could have " borne with Patience, but the Conſideration of what

" ſhe had brought on him (the beſt of Fathers) was more " than Nature could ſupport.

" THE poor Man ſtifled his Groans while ſhe could " hear them, for fear of hurting her; but the Moment " ſhe was gone, he tore his Hair, beat his Breaſt, and " fell into ſuch Agonies, as is impoſſible to deſcribe. " So I ſhall follow the Example of the Painter, who " drew a Veil before *Agamemnon*'s Face, when his " Daughter was ſacrificed, deſpairing from the utmoſt " Stretch of his Art, to paint any Countenance that could " expreſs all that Nature muſt feel on ſuch a dreadful " Occaſion: I ſhall leave to your own Imagination to " repreſent what he ſuffered; and only tell you, it " was ſo much, that his Life and Miſery ſoon ended " together."

HERE Mr. *Orgueil* ſtopped, ſeeing poor *David* could hear no more, not being able to ſtifle his Sighs and Tears, at the Idea of ſuch a Scene; for he did not think it beneath a Man to cry from Tenderneſs, though he would have thought it much too effeminate to be moved to Tears by any Accident that concerned himſelf only.

As ſoon as he could recover enough to ſpeak, he cried out, " Good God! is this a World for me to look for " Happineſs in, when thoſe very Men, who ſeem to be " the Favourites of Nature; in forming whom, ſhe has " taken ſuch particular Care to give them every Thing " agreeable, can be guilty of ſuch Crimes as make them " a Diſgrace to the Species they are born of! What " could incite a Man to ſuch monſtrous Ingratitude! " there was no Circumſtance to alleviate his Villainy; " for if his Paſſion was violent, he might have married " her." " Yes, (anſwered, Mr. *Orgueil*) but that was " not his Scheme, he was ambitious, and thought mar- " rying ſo young would have ſpoiled his Fortune, he " could not expect with this poor Creature above fifteen " hundred Pounds at firſt: He did not know how long " the Father might live, and he did not doubt, but " when he had been ſome time in the World, he might " meet with Women equally agreeable, and much more " to his Advantage." " Well, (replied *David*) and is " this Man reſpected in the World? Will Men converſe

" with

" with him? Should he not be drove from Society, and " a Mark ſet upon him, that he might be ſhunned and " deſpiſed? He certainly is one of the agreeableſt Crea- " tures I ever ſaw; but I had rather ſpend my Time " with the greateſt Fool in Nature, provided he was an " honeſt Man, than with ſuch a Wretch." " Oh, Sir, (ſays the other) " by that Time you have converſed in " the World as long as I have, you will find, while a " Man can ſupport himſelf like a Gentleman, and has " Parts ſufficient to contribute to the Entertainment of " Mankind, his Company will be courted, where Po- " verty and Merit will not be admitted. Every one " knows who can entertain them beſt, but few People are " Judges of Merit. He has ſucceeded in his Deſigns; " for he has married a Woman immenſely rich." At this, *David* was more aſtoniſhed than ever; and aſked, if his Wife knew the Story he had juſt told him. " Yes, " (ſays he) I knew a Gentleman, her Friend, who told " her of it before ſhe was married: And all the An- " ſwer ſhe made was, *Truly, if Women would be ſuch " Fools to put themſelves in Men's Power, it was their " own Fault, and good enough for them; ſhe was ſure " he would not uſe a virtuous Woman ill, and ſhe did " not Doubt but her Conduct would make him behave " well.* In ſhort, ſhe was fond of him, and would have " him. He keeps an Equipage, and is liked by all his " Acquaintance This Story is not known to every " Body, and amongſt thoſe who have heard it, they " are ſo inclined to love him, that while they are with " him, they can believe nothing againſt him: No won- " der he could impoſe on a young unexperienced Crea- " ture, when I have known him impoſe on Men of the " beſt Senſe."

DAVID could not bear the Thought, that any Body's Wit and Parts ſhould have Power enough to make the World forget they were Villains; and la- mented to his Friend, that whoever was capable of giving Pleaſure, ſhould not alſo have Goodneſs. " Why, " really, Sir, (ſays Mr. *Orgueil*) in my Obſervations on " the World, I have remarked, that good Heads and " good Hearts generally go together; but they are not " inſeparable Companions, of which I have already giv-

" en you three Inſtances, and have one more, in the " other Gentleman, who was with us laſt Night, tho' " it was impoſſible to equal the laſt Story.

" PERHAPS, Sir, you would think it very unnatural " that a Perſon, with his Underſtanding, ſhould have " all his good Qualities ſwallowed up and over-run " with the moſt egregious Vanity; you ſee he is very " Handſome, and to his Beauty are owing all his Faults. " I often think he manages the Gifts in which Nature has " been ſo liberal to him, with juſt the ſame Wiſdom as " a Farmer would do, who ſhould beſtow all his Time and " Labour on a little Flower-Garden, placing his whole De- " light in the various Colours, and fragrant Smells he there " enjoyed, and leave all the rich Fields, which with a " ſmall Care would produce real Benefits, uncultivated " and neglected. So this Gentleman's Mind, if he " thought it worth his Notice, is capable of rendering " him a uſeful Member of Society; but his whole " Pleaſure is in adorning his Perſon, and making Con- " queſts. You could obſerve nothing of this, becauſe " there were no Women amongſt us; but if there had, " you would have ſeen him fall into ſuch ridicu- " lous Toſſes of his Perſon, and fooliſh Coquetries, " as would be barely excuſable in a handſome Girl of " Fifteen. He was thrown very young upon the Town, " where he met with ſuch a Reception wherever he " went, and was ſo much admired for his Beauty, even " by Ladies in the higheſt Station, that his Head was " quite turned with it. You will think, perhaps, theſe " are ſuch trifling Frailties, after what I have already " told you of the others, they hardly deſerve to be " mentioned; but if you will conſider a Moment, you " will find that this Man's Vanity produces as many " real Evils, as Ill-nature, or the moſt cruel Diſpoſitions " could do. For there are very few Families, where he " has ever been acquainted, in which there is not at leaſt one " Perſon, and ſometimes more, unhappy on his Ac- " count. As the Welfare and Happineſs of moſt Fa- " milies depend in a great Meaſure on Women, to go " about endeavouring to deſtroy their Peace of Mind, " and raiſe ſuch Paſſions in them, as render them in-

" capable

" capable of being either of Uſe or Comfort to their " Friends, is really taking a Pleaſure in a general De- " ſtruction. And I myſelf know at this preſent Time " ſeveral young Ladies, formerly the Comfort and Joy " of their Parents, and the Delight of all their Compa- " nions, who are become, from a ſhort Acquaintance with " this Spark, negligent of every Thing; their Tempers " are changed from Good-humour and Livelineſs, to " Peeviſhneſs and Inſipidity, each of them languiſhing " away her Days in fruitleſs Hopes, and chimerical " Fancies, that her ſuperior Merit will at laſt fix him " her own.

" In one Houſe there are three Siſters ſo much in " love with him, that from being very good Friends, " and leading the moſt amicable Life together, they are " become ſuch inveterate Enemies, that they can- " not refrain, even in Company, from throwing out " ſly Invectives and ſpightful Reproaches at one another. " I know one Lady of Faſhion, who has no Fault but " an unconquerable Paſſion for this Gentleman, and " having too much Honour to give her Perſon to one " Man, while another has her Affections, has refuſed " ſeveral good Matches, pines herſelf away, and falls a " perfect Sacrifice to his Vanity. And yet this Man, in " all his Dealings with Men, acts with Honour and Good- " nature. It appears very ſtrange to me, that any one " who would ſcruple a Murder, can without regret " take Pains to rack People's Minds. His Character is " very well known, yet he is not the leſs, nay, I think, " he is the more liked; for whether it ariſes from the " Hopes of gaining a Prize that is ſighed for by all " the reſt, or from thinking they ſtand excuſed for not " reſiſting the Arts of the Man who is generally allowed " to be irreſiſtable, or what is the Reaſon I cannot tell; " but I have obſerved the Man who is reported to have " done moſt Miſchief, is received with moſt Kindneſs by " the Women. I ſuppoſe, I need not bid you remem- " ber in what ſprightly and polite Expreſſions, he ridi- " culed that very Sort of Vanity, which, from what I " have juſt now related, it is plain he has a great Share " of himſelf."

DAVID

DAVID ſaid, " That was the very Remark which " had juſt occured to himſelf; and he found, by all his " Stories, every one of the Company expreſſed the " greateſt Averſion for the Vices they were more parti- " cularly guilty of." Yes, ſays Mr. *Orgueil*, ever ſince " I have known any Thing of the World, I have al- " ways obſerved that to be the Caſe; inſomuch that " whenever I hear a Man expreſs an uncommon De- " teſtation of any one criminal Action, I always ſuſpect " he is guilty of it himſelf. It is what I have often re- " flected on; and I believe Men think, by exclaiming a- " gainſt any particular Vice, to blind the World, and " make them imagine it impoſſible they ſhould have a " Fault, againſt which all their Satire ſeems to be " pointed: Or perhaps, as moſt Men take a great deal " of Pains to flatter themſelves, they continually endea- " vour, by giving Things falſe Names, to impoſe on " their own Underſtandings; till at laſt they prevail " ſo far with their *own Good-nature*, as to think they " are entirely exempt from thoſe very Failings they " are moſt addicted to. But ſtill there remains ſome " Suſpicion, that other People, who are not capable of " *diſtinguiſhing Things ſo nicely*, will think they have " thoſe Faults, of which their Actions give ſuch ſtrong " Indications. Therefore they reſolve to try, if a few " Words, which do not coſt them much, will clear " them in the Opinion of the World. To ſay the " Truth, People with a lively Imagination, and a ſtrong " Reſolution, may almoſt perſuade themſelves of any " Thing.

" I REMEMBER a Man very fond of a Woman, " whoſe Perſon had no Fault to be found with it, " but a coarſe red Hand: He at firſt choſe to compli- " ment her on that Part which was moſt defective, from " a Knowledge of Nature, that nothing pleaſes ſo much, " as to find Blemiſhes turn'd into Beauties. He perſiſted " in this ſo long, that at laſt he really thought ſhe had " the fineſt white Hand that ever was ſeen; but ſtill " there remain'd a Suſpicion in his Mind, from a faint " Remembrance of what he had once thought himſelf, " that others might not think ſo. Therefore he was con- " tinually averring to all People, he never ſaw ſo beau-

" tiful

" tiful a Hand in his Life. The Woman, whoſe Under-
" ſtanding would have been found light in the Scale, if
" weighed againſt a Feather, was fooliſh enough to be
" pleas'd with it; and inſtead of trying to hide from
" Sight, as ſhe uſed to do, what really ſeemed too ugly to
" belong to the reſt of her Perſon, forgot all her Beauties;
" and had no Peaſure, but in diſplaying, as much as
" poſſible, before every Company, what ſhe was now
" convinced was ſo deſervedly the Object of Ad-
" miration. They carried this to ſuch a ridiculous
" Height, that they became a perfect Proverb: and ſhe
" was called by Way of Deriſion, the *White-handed*
" *Queen.*"

MR. *Orgueil* was now quite exhauſted with giving ſo many various Characters; and I think it full Time to conclude this long Chapter.

CHAP. X.

Which teacheth Mankind a true and eaſy Method of ſerving their Friends.

AFTER Dinner, Mr *Orgueil* propoſed going to the new Play, which he heard had made a great Noiſe in the Town. *David* ſaid, he would accompany him wherever he went, but it was what he had hitherto avoided; from hearing that thoſe who either approved or diſapproved the Performance, generally made ſuch a Noiſe, that it was impoſſible not to loſe great Part of the Play. " That is very true, replied
" Mr. *Orgueil*, but I go on purpoſe to make Obſerva-
" tions on the Humours of Mankind; for, as all the
" Criticks commonly go from Taverns, Nature breaks
" out, and ſhews herſelf, without that Diſguiſe which
" People put on in their cooler Hours."

ON theſe Conſiderations they agreed to go, and at half an Hour paſt Four they were placed in the Pit; the Uproar was begun, and they were ſurrounded every Way with ſuch a Variety of Noiſes, that it ſeemed as if the whole Audience was met by Way of Emulation, to try who could make the greateſt. *David* aſked his Friend, what could be the Meaning of all

all this; for he ſuppoſed they could be neither *condemning nor applauding the Play*, before it was begun. Mr. *Orgueil* told him, the Author's Friends and Enemies were now ſhewing what Parties they had gathered together in order to intimdate each other.

DAVID could not forbear enquiring what could induce ſo many People to ſhew ſuch an Eagerneſs againſt a Man or his Performance, before they knew what it was: And, on being told by *Orgueil* it was chiefly owing to Envy and Anger at another's Superiority of Parts; for that every Man who is talked of in the World for any Perfection, muſt have numberleſs Enemies, whom he does not ſuſpect; he could refrain no longer, but burſt into the moſt pathetick Lamentation on the Miſeries of Mankind, that People could riſe to that Height of Maſignity, as to bring Spite and Envy with them into their very Diverſions. He thought when Men were met together, to relax their Minds, and unbend their Cares, all was calm within, and every one endeavour'd to raiſe his Pleaſures as high as poſſible, by a benevolent Conſideration, that all preſent were enjoying the ſame Delights with himſelf. He told his Friend, he now ſhould have one Enjoyment leſs than ever he had; for he uſed to love publick Aſſemblies, becauſe there People generally put on their moſt chearful Countenances, and ſeemed as if they were free from every malicious and uneaſy Thought; but if what he had told him was true, he could conſider them as nothing but painted Outſides, while within they were full of rancorous Poiſon.

Mr. *Orgueil* ſaid, "There were yet another Sort "of People who contributed to the damning of Plays, "which were a Set of idle young Fellows, who came "there on Purpoſe to make a Noiſe, without any Diſ-"like to the Author, for few of them knew him; and "as to the Play, they never hearkened to it, but only "out of wantonneſs they happened to have ſaid it "ſhould not be acted a ſecond Night; and, as Fools "are generally ſtubborn, they are reſolved not to be "overcome." Juſt as he had ſpoke theſe Words, the "Curtain drew up, and the Play began.

THE

THE firſt Act went on very quietly; at which *David* expreſſed his Satisfaction, hoping to hear it out without any Diſturbance. But his Friend knew to the contrary, and informed him, the more ſilent the Damners were now, the more Noiſe they would ſoon make; for that was only their Cunning, that they might not appear to have come there on purpoſe to condemn the Play. The ſecond Act paſſed alſo with only a few Contentions between Claps and Hiſſes; but in the third the Tumult grew much louder, and the Noiſe increaſed; *Whiſtles,—Cat-calls,—Groans,—Hollowing,—beating with Sticks,—and clapping with Hands*, made ſuch a hideous *Din*, and Confuſion of Sounds, as no one can have any Idea of, who has not had the Happineſs to hear it. In ſhort, the third Act was with great Difficulty got through; but in the fourth the Noiſe began again, and continued with heroick Reſolution for ſome Time on both Sides: but, as *Enemies* generally ſtick longer by People than *Friends*, the latter were firſt worn out, and forced to yield to their Antagoniſts. The Words *Horrid Stuff —— Was ever ſuch Nonſenſe! — Bad Plot! &c.* —— were re-echoed throughout the Houſe, for a conſiderable Time: and thus the Play was condemned to eternal Oblivion, without having ever been heard; and the Author was forced to go without his Benefit, which, it is more than probable, would have been of great Uſe to him, as well as many others, *who had not failed in their Attendance on him once a Week for a long Time.*

As ſoon as the Hurry was a little over, a Gentleman who had ſat near them the whole Time, began to talk to them about the Play: he ſaid, "He was very "ſorry that it was impoſſible for any Body of Common "Senſe to appear in the impoſing ſuch horrid Non-"ſenſe on the Town; *for he was the Author's Friend,* "*and ſhould have been glad if he could have got any* "*Thing by it*; as, at this Time, he knew it would "have been very acceptable to him." *David* could not forbear ſaying; "Indeed, Sir, I took you rather "for a great Enemy of his; for I obſerved you making "Uſe of all the Methods poſſible that it might not be "heard." "Yes, Sir, anſwered the other, that was, "becauſe,

" becauſe, as I am his Friend, and found it was very " bad, I was unwilling he ſhould be expoſed; beſides, " I hoped, by the Mortification this would give him, " to prevent his ever attempting to appear again in " this Manner: for he is a very good-natured Fel- " low, a good Companion, and a Friend of mine, *but, " between you and me, he cannot write at all.*"

As ſoon as this *friendly Creature* left them, Mr. *Orgueil* obſerved to *David*, how ſtrong a Proof this was, of the Truth of what he had told him before; for he himſelf had been a Witneſs once, tho' he found he had forgot him, of this Gentleman's attempting to rally the Author before a Room full of Company; but his getting the better of him, and having always the Laugh on his Side, had made him *envious* of him ever ſince. On this Subject Mr. *Orgueil* and *David* diſcourſed all the Way Home, where, when they arrived, being worn out with Hurry and Noiſe, they retired immediately to Bed; where I will leave them to take their Repoſe.

CHAP. XI.

Which contains ſome certain Intimations, that the Human Mind is not always totally exempt from Pride.

THE next Day paſſed without any Occurrence worth mentioning, when in the Evening Mr. *Orgueil* perceiving his Friend to be very melancholy, did all he could to make him throw off the Thoughts which diſturbed him; telling him, it was in vain to ſigh for what it was impoſſible for him to remedy: That it was much better to be the laughing than weeping Philoſopher. That for his part, the Follies and Vices of Mankind were his Amuſements, and gave him ſuch ridiculous Ideas, as were a continual Fund of Entertainment to him. *David* replied, " He could never think it a matter of Jeſt, " to find himſelf ſurrounded by Beaſts of Prey; and that " it differed little into which of their *voracious Jaws* he " fell, as they were all equally deſirous of pulling him to " pieces." He went on remarking, that if *Beauty*, *Wit*, *Goodneſs*, or any thing which is juſtly the Object of Admiration

miration and Love, can ſubject the Poſſeſſors of them to the Envy, and conſequently the Hatred of Mankind; then nothing but *Knavery*, *Folly*, and *Deformity* can be beloved; or at leaſt, whoever is remarkable for either of the laſt-mentioned Qualities, muſt be the only People who can paſs thro' the World, without any Body's wiſhing to hurt them, and that only becauſe they are thought *low* enough already.—What you told me yeſterday, together with the Scenes I was Witneſs to, has made ſuch a deep Impreſſion on me, I ſhall not eaſily recover it. I was very much ſurprized to hear you tell that Story of the old Man and his Daughter with dry Eyes, and quite unmoved. Mr. *Orgueil* ſmiled, and ſaid, "I look upon "Compaſſion, Sir, to be a very great Weakneſs; I have "no Superſtition to fright me into my Duty, but I do what "I think juſt by all the World; for the real Love of *Rec-* "*titude* is the Motive of all my Actions. If I could be "moved by a Compaſſion in my Temper to relieve ano- "ther, the *Merit* of it would be intirely loſt, becauſe it "would be done chiefly to pleaſe myſelf: But when I do "for any one, what they have a Right to demand from "me, by the Laws of Society and right Reaſon, then it "becomes *real Virtue*, and *ſound Wiſdom*." *David* was amazed at this Doctrine; he knew not what to anſwer; but it being late, took his Leave, and went to Bed, with a Reſolution to conſider and examine more narrowly into it: For, tho' it appeared to him very abſurd, yet, as it was a Subject he had never thought of, he would not condemn what he could not haſtily refute.

His Head was ſo crouded with *Ideas*, he could ſleep but little; he began to be frightened, leſt he ſhould have no more Reaſon to eſteem Mr. *Orgueil* than the reſt of his Acquaintance, when he thoroughly knew him. However, he got up the next Morning, with a Deſign of entering into a Converſation, that might give him more Light into his Friend's Mind and Diſpoſition. He found him at Breakfaſt with another Gentleman: The Moment Mr. *Orgueil* ſaw him, he ſaid, "he was very ſorry an Af- "fair had happened, which muſt oblige them to be apart "that Day; but he told him, that Gentleman, whom he "before had ſome ſmall Acquaintance with, had promiſed "not to leave him, and he was ſure his Company would

"make

" make Amends for the Loſs of any other." As ſoon as Breakfaſt was over, Mr. *Orgueil* dreſſed, and went out.

DAVID's Mind was ſo full of what had paſſed the Night before, that he could not forbear communicating his Thoughts to his preſent Companion, and deſiring him to tell him the Meaning of what Mr. *Orgueil* had ſaid to him laſt Night, concerning *Rectitude* and *Compaſſion*. On which the other replied, " he had converſed for ma-
" ny Years with Mr. *Orgueil*, and had the greateſt Ve-
" neration for him at firſt, but by continually obſerving
" him, he had at laſt got into his real Character, which,
" if he pleaſed to hear, he would inform him of." And on *David*'s aſſuring him he could not oblige him more, he began in the following Manner.

" YOU are to know, Sir, there are a Set of Men in
" the World, who paſs through Life with very good
" Reputations, whoſe Actions are in the general juſtly to
" be applauded, and yet, upon a near Examination, their
" Principles are all bad, and their Hearts hardened to all
" tender Senſations. Mr. *Orgueil* is exactly one of thoſe
" Sort of Men; the greateſt Sufferings which can hap-
" pen to his Fellow-creatures have no Sort of Effect on
" him, and yet he very often relieves them; that is, he
" goes juſt as far in ſerving others, as will give him new
" Opportunities of flattering himſelf: For his whole Soul
" is filled with *Pride*; he has made *a God* of himſelf, and
" the Attributes he thinks neceſſary to the Dignity of
" *ſuch a Being*, he endeavours to have. He calls all Re-
" ligion Superſtition, becauſe he will own no other *Deity*;
" he thinks even Obedience to the Divine Will would be
" but a mean Motive to his Actions; he muſt do *Good*,
" becauſe it is ſuitable to the *Dignity of his Nature*; and
" ſhun *Evil*, becauſe he would not be debaſed as low as
" the *Wretches* he every Day ſees. When he knows any
" Man do a diſhonourable Action, then he enjoys the
" Height of Pleaſure in the Compariſon he makes be-
" tween his own Mind, and that of ſuch a *mean Creature*.
" He mentally worſhips himſelf with Joy and Rapture;
" and I verily believe, if he lived in a World, where to
" be vicious was eſteemed praiſe-worthy, the ſame Pride
" which now makes him take Delight in doing what is

" right

" right (becauſe for that Reaſon he thinks himſelf above " moſt of the People he converſes with) would then lead " him to abandon himſelf to all Manner of Vice: For if " by taking pains to bridle his Paſſions, he could gain no " Superiority over his Companions, all his *Love of Recti-* " *tude, as he calls it*, would fall to the Ground. So that " his Goodneſs, like cold Fruits, is produced by the Dung " and Naſtineſs which ſurround it. He has fixed in his " Mind, what he ought to do in all Caſes in Life, and is " not to be moved to go beyond it. Nothing is more mi- " ſerable than to have a Dependance on him; for he makes " now Allowance for the ſmalleſt Frailties, and the Mo- " ment a Perſon exceeds, in the leaſt Degree, the Bounds " his *Wiſdom* has ſet, he abandons them, as he thinks " they have no reaſonable Claim to any Thing farther " from him. If he was walking with a Friend on the " Side of a Precipice, and that Friend was to go a Step " nearer than he adviſed him, and by Accident ſhould " fall down, altho' he broke his Bones, and lay in the ut- " moſt Miſery, he would coolly leave him, without the " leaſt Thought of any Thing for his Relief; ſaying, *if* " *Men would be ſo mad, they muſt take the Conſequence* " *of their own Folly*. Nay, I queſtion, whether he would " not have a ſecret Satisfaction in thinking, that from *his* " *Wiſdom*, he could walk ſafely through the moſt dange- " rous Places, while others fell into them. As polite as " you ſee he can be when he deſires to be ſo, yet " when he converſes with any whom he thinks " greatly beneath him, or who is forced by Circumſtances " to be any Ways obliged to him, he thinks they cannot " expect good Breeding; and therefore can be as rude, " tho' in different Terms, as the moſt vulgar Wretch in " the World. In ſhort, every Action of his is centered " in Pride; and the only Reaſon he is not perfectly ridi- " culous, is, becauſe he has Senſe enough to affect to be " quite contrary to what he is. And as you know he has " great Parts, and his Manner is very engaging whenever " he pleaſes; very few People really know him."

" WHAT, then (ſays *David)* have I been hugging my- " ſelf all this Time in the Thoughts, that I had met " with a Man who really deſerved my Eſteem, and is it all " owing to my Ignorance of his real Character?" " Yes,

" Sir

" Sir (anſwered the Gentleman), I aſſure you, what I " have told you is all true, and if you will give yourſelf " the Trouble to obſerve him narrowly, you will ſoon " be convinced of it." *David*, with a Sigh, replied, " he " wanted no ſtronger Proof of the Certainty of it; for what " he himſelf ſaid laſt Night, joined to what he had juſt " now heard, was full Conviction enough." " I never " was ſo ſtartled (continued he) in my Life, as at his " ſaying, he looked upon Compaſſion as a Weakneſs. Is " it poſſible that the moſt amiable Quality human Nature " can be poſſeſſed of, ſhould be treated with Contempt " by a Man of his Underſtanding! Or is it all Deluſion; " and am I as much deceived in his *Senſe* as in his *Good-* " *neſs!* For ſurely nothing but the greateſt Folly could " make a Creature, who muſt every Day, nay, every " Hour in the Day, be conſcious of a *thouſand Failings*, " and feel a *thouſand Infirmities*, fancy himſelf a *Deity*, " and contemplate his own Perfections." " As to that " (ſays the Gentleman) when you have ſeen more of the " World, you will find that what is generally called " Senſe, has very little to do with what a Man thinks; " where Self is at all concerned, Inclination ſteps in, and " will not give the Judgment fair Play; but forces it to " wreſt and torture the Meaning of every Thing to its " own Purpoſes. You muſt know, there are two Sorts " of Men who are the direct Oppoſites to each other; " the one Sort, like Mr. *Orgueil*, live in a continual " War with their Paſſions, ſubdue their Appetites, and " act up to whatever they think right; they make it " their Buſineſs in all Companies, to exalt the Dignity of " human Nature as high as they can; that is, to prove " Men are capable, if it was not their own Fault, of ar- " riving to a great Degree of Perfection, which they " heartily conſent every one ſhould believe *they themſelves* " have done. The others give Way to every Tempta- " tion, make it their whole Buſineſs to indulge themſelves, " without any Conſideration who are Sufferers by it, or " what Conſequences attend it: And as they are reſolved " to pull others down as low as themſelves, they fall to " abuſing the whole Species without any Diſtinction, aſ-

" ſert

" ſert in all their Converſations, that human Nature is a " Sink of Iniquity; every good Action they hear of an- " other, they impute to ſome bad Motive; and the only " Difference they allow to be in Men is, that ſome have " Art and Hypocriſy enough to hide, from undiſcerning " Eyes, the Blackneſs that is within. In ſhort, they know " they cannot be eſteemed, and therefore cannot bear an- " other ſhould enjoy what they either can't or won't take " the Pains to attain.

" THUS there is no End of their Arguments, which " may be all ſummed up in a very few Words: For the one " Sort only contend, that they themſelves may be allowed " to be perfect, and therefore that it is poſſible: And the " other, as they know themſelves to be good for nothing, " modeſtly deſire, that for their Sakes, you will be ſo " kind as to ſuffer all Mankind to appear in the ſame " Light; whence you are to conclude, that their Faults " are owing to Nature; they cannot help it. They have, " indeed, ſome little Pleaſure in reflecting that they have " this Superiority over others, that while they endeavour " to deceive People, and impoſe on their Underſtandings, " they claim this Merit, that they own themſelves as bad " as they are: That is, utterly void of every Virtue, " and poſſeſſed of every Vice."

DAVID ſtood amazed at this Diſcourſe, and cried out, " I am come to the utmoſt Deſpair, if theſe are " the Ways of Mankind, not to endeavour to be what " really deſerves Eſteem, but only by Fallacy and Arts " to impoſe on others, and flatter themſelves, where " ſhall I hope to find what I am in Search of?" " And " pray, Sir, (ſaid the other) if it is not *impertinent* to " aſk, What is it that you are ſeeking?" *David* an- " ſwered, " It was a Perſon who could be truſted; one " who was capable of being a real Friend; whoſe every " Action proceeded either from Obedience to the *Divine* " *Will*, or from the Delight he took in doing good; who " could not ſee another's Sufferings without Pain, nor " his Pleaſures without ſharing them. In ſhort, one " whoſe Agreeableneſs ſway'd his Inclination to love him, " and whoſe Mind was ſo good, he could never blame " himſelf for ſo doing." The Gentleman ſmiled, and ſaid,

ſaid, " I don't doubt, Sir, but if you live any Time, you " will find out the *Philoſopher's Stone*; for that certainly " will be your next Search, when you have found what " you are now *ſeeking.*" *David* thought he was mad, to make a Jeſt of what to him appeared ſo ſerious, and told him, " notwithſtanding his laughing, if ever he did " attain to what he was in purſuit of, he ſhould be the " *happieſt Creature* in the World. Indeed, he muſt con- " feſs he had hitherto met with no great Encouragement. " However, he was reſolved to proceed; and if he was " diſappointed at laſt, he could but retire from the World, " and live by himſelf: As he was miſtaken in Mr. *Orgueil*, " he would not ſtay to converſe any longer with him, but " remove that very Day to another Lodging."

MR. *Spatter* (for that was this Gentleman's Name) ſeeing him ſo obſtinate in his Purpoſe, thought it would be no ill Scheme to accompany him, for a little while, by Way of Diverſion. He therefore ſaid, " If it would " be agreeable to him, he might lodge in the ſame Houſe " with him, in *Pall-Mall.*" *David* readily agreed to it; and they only ſtaid till Mr. *Orgueil* came home, that he might take his Leave of him: For it was his Method, whenever he found out any Thing he thought deſpicable, in a Perſon he had eſteemed, quietly to avoid him as much as poſſible for the future. He therefore took his Leave of Mr. *Orgueil*, and ſet out with his new Acquaintance, to view another Scene of Life; for the Manner of living of the Inhabitants of every different Part of this great Metropolis, varies as much as that of different Nations.

The End of the Firſt BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *DAVID SIMPLE.*

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Which is writ only with a View to inſtruct our Readers, that Whiſt is a Game very much in Faſhion.

DAVID's next Scheme was, to converſe amongſt People in *High Life*, and try if their *Minds* were as refined, as the Education and Opportunities they had of improving themſelves, gave him Hopes of. But then, as he had never lived at that End of the Town before, kept no Equipage, and was beſides a very modeſt Man, he was under ſome Difficulty how to get Introduction to Perſons of Faſhion. Mr. *Spatter* told him, "he need "be in no Pain on that Account, for that he frequented "all the Aſſemblies, and kept the beſt Company in "Town, and he would carry him wherever he went. "He told him he had nothing to do, but to get a fine "Coat, a well-powder'd Wig, and a *Whiſt-Book*, and "he would ſoon be invited to more *Routs* than he would "be able to go to." "And, pray, Sir, ſaid *David*, What "do you mean by a *Whiſt-Book?* It is a Game I have "often played, to paſs away a Winter-Evening; but I "don't find any Neceſſity of a Book to learn it." "Why really,

" really, Sir, replied Mr. *Spatter*, I cannot tell what Uſe " it is of, but I know it is a Faſhion to have it; and no " one is qualified for the Converſation in *Vogue* without it. " Though I can't but ſay, I have known ſeveral People, " eſpecially among the Ladies, who uſed to play tolera- " bly well; but ſince they have ſet themſelves to learn " by Book, are ſo puzzled, they cannot tell how to play " a Card. Not but this Book is, they ſay, excellently " well writ, and contains every Rule neceſſary to the un- " derſtanding the Game: But as a Traveller, who is ig- " norant of the Country he paſſes through, is the moſt " perplexed where he finds the greateſt Variety of Roads; " ſo a weak Head is the moſt diſtracted, and the leaſt " able to purſue any Point in View, where it endeavours " to get many Rules, and comprehend various Things at " once.

" BUT as to the *Routs*, I can give you no other Ac- " count of them, than that it is the genteel Name for " the Aſſemblies that meet at private Houſes, to win or " loſe Money at Whiſt. The Method purſued to gather " theſe Companies together is, that the Lady of the " Houſe where the *Rout* is to be kept, a Fortnight or " three Weeks before the intended Day, diſpatches a " Meſſenger to every Perſon deſigned to be there, with a " few magic Words properly placed on a Card, which " infallibly brings every one at the appointed Time: But " if by Chance, notwithſtanding the Care that is taken " of ſending ſo long before-hand, two of theſe Cards " ſhould happen to interfere, and the ſame Perſon be un- " der a Neceſſity of being at *two Places at once*; the beſt " Expedient to be found out is, to play a *Rubber* at one " Place, and then drive their Horſes to death, to get to the " other Time enough not to diſappoint their *Friends*. For " you muſt know, every Lady looks on herſelf as in the " higheſt Diſtreſs, who has not as many Tables at her " Houſe as any of her Acquaintance." But, ſays *David*, " I don't ſee how this will at all promote my Scheme; " for by going amongſt People, who place their whole " Happineſs in gaming, and where there is no Sort of " Converſation, how is it poſſible I ſhould come at their " Sentiments, or enter into their Characters?" " Indeed, " Sir, replied the other, you was never more miſtaken

" in

" in your Life; for People's Minds, and the Bent of their " Inclination, is no where ſo much diſcovered as at a " Gaming-Table: For in Converſation, the real Thoughts " are often diſguiſed; but when the Paſſions are actuated, " the Maſk is thrown off, and Nature appears as ſhe is. " I could carry you into ſeveral Companies, where you " ſhould ſee very pretty young Women, whoſe Features " are of ſuch exact Proportion, and in whoſe Counte- " nances is diſplayed ſuch a delightful Harmony, as you " would think to be the ſtrongeſt Indication, that every " Thought within was *Peace* and *Gentleneſs*, and that " their Breaſts were all *Softneſs* and *Good-nature*. Yet " but follow them to one of theſe Aſſemblies, and in " Half an Hour's Time you ſhall ſee all their Beauty va- " niſh; thoſe Features, with which you were ſo charm- " ed before, all diſtorted, and in Confuſion; and that " Harmony of Countenance, which could never be " enough admired, converted into an Eagerneſs and " Fierceneſs, which plainly prove the whole Soul to be " diſcompoſed, and filled with Tumult and Anxiety; " and all this perhaps only from a Deſire of getting *Jew-* " *els* ſomething *finer* than they could otherwiſe procure, " and in order to ſurpaſs ſome Lady who had juſt bought " a *new Set*. Beſides, I can give you the Character of " moſt of the People where we ſhall go, and that will be " an Entertainment to us every Night at our return " home."

DAVID thanked him for his Offer; and they agreed to ſet out every Day to different Houſes, in order to make Obſervations. The firſt Aſſembly they went to there were ten Tables at Whiſt, and at each of them the Competitors ſeemed to lay as great a Streſs on either their Victory, or Defeat, as if the whole Happineſs of their Lives depended upon it.

DAVID walked from one to the other, to make what Obſervations he could; but he found they were all alike. Joy ſparkled in the Eyes of all the Conquerors, and black Deſpair ſeemed to ſurround all the Vanquiſhed. Thoſe very People who, before they ſat down to play, converſed with each other in a Strain ſo polite and well-bred, that an *unexperienced* Man would have thought the greateſt Plea- ſure they could have had, would have been in ſerving

each other, were in a Moment turned into *Enemies*, and the winning of a Guinea, or perhaps five (according to the Sum played for) was the only Idea that poſſeſſed the Minds of a whole Company of People, none of whom were in any Manner of Want of it.

THIS was a melancholy Proſpect for poor *David*; for nothing could be a ſtronger Proof of the ſelfiſh and mercenary Tempers of Mankind, than to ſee thoſe People, whom Fortune had placed in Affluence, as deſirous of gaining from each other, as if they really could not have had Neceſſaries without it.

THE two Gentlemen ſtaid till they were heartily weary, and then retired to ſpend the reſt of the Evening together at a Tavern: where the whole Converſation turned on what they had ſeen at the Aſſembly. *David* aſked his Companion, if this was the Manner in which People, who have it in their Power to ſpend their Time as they pleaſed, chooſe to employ it. "Yes, Sir, an-"ſwered Mr. *Spatter*, I aſſure you, I have very few "Acquaintance at this End of the Town, who ſeem to "be *born* for any other Purpoſe but to play at *Whiſt*, or "have any Uſe for more *Underſtanding* than what ſerves "to that End." He then ran through the Characters of the whole Company; and at the finiſhing of every one, uttered a Sentence with ſome Vehemence (which was a Manner peculiar to himſelf) calling them either *Fools* or *Knaves*; but as he had a great deal of Wit, he did this in ſo entertaining a Way, that *David* could not help laughing ſometimes, though he checked himſelf for it; thinking the *Faults* or *Follies* of Mankind were not the proper Objects of Mirth.

THE next Morning Mr. *Spatter* carried him to the Toilette of one of the Ladies, who was of the Whiſt-party the Night before, where great part of the Company were met. There was not one ſingle Syllable ſpoke of any Thing but Cards; the whole Scene of the foregoing Night was played over again; who loſt—or won; —who played well—or ill:—In ſhort, there was nothing talked of, that can be either remembered, or repeated.

DAVID led this Life for about a Week, in the Morning at Toilettes, the Evening at Cards, and at Night with Mr. *Spatter*, who conſtantly pulled to pieces, *ridi-*

culed,

culed, and *abuſed* all the People they had been with the Day before. He told him Stories of Ladies, who were married by Men infinitely their Superiors, who raiſed their Fortunes, indulged them in every Thing they could wiſh, were wholly taken up in contemplating their Charms, and yet were neglected and ſlighted by them, who would abandon every Thing that can be thought moſt valuable, rather than loſe one Evening at their darling Whiſt.

DAVID was ſoon tired of this Manner of Life, in which he ſaw no Hopes of finding what he was in Search of, and in which there was no Variety; for the Deſire of winning ſeemed to be the only Thing thought on by every Body: He obſerved to his Companion, here and there a Perſon who played quite careleſsly, and did not appear to trouble themſelves whether they won or loſt. Theſe Mr. *Spatter* told him, were a Sort of People, who had no Pleaſure in Life but in being with People of Quality, and telling their Acquaintance, they were ſuch a Night at the Dutcheſs of ———, another Time at the Counteſs of ———; and although they do not love Play themſelves, yet as they find it the eaſieſt Paſſport into that Company, where their whole Happineſs is centered, they think it a ſmall Price to pay for what they eſteem ſo valuable. But, added he, the worſt of it is, ſome of them cannot afford to play, but ſacrifice that Fortune to nothing but the Vanity of appearing with the Great, which would procure them every Thing eſſentially neceſſary in their own Sphere of Life.

THUS was *David* again diſappointed; for he had entertained ſome Hopes, that thoſe few People, in whom he had ſeen a Calmneſs at play, were diſintereſted, and had that Contempt for Money, which he eſteemed neceſſary to make a good Character; but when he found it aroſe from ſo mean a Vanity, he could not help thinking them the moſt deſpicable of all Mortals. "I "do aſſure you, ſays *Spatter*, I have known People "ſpend their whole Time in the moſt ſervile Compli- "ances, for no other Reaſon, but to have the Words "*Lordſhip*, and *Ladyſhip*, often in their Mouths; and "who meaſure their *Happineſs* and *Miſery* every Night, "by the Number of People of Quality they have ſpoke

" to that Day. But as your Curioſity ſeems to be fully " ſatisfied with what you have ſeen of the Whiſt-players, " I will carry you to-morrow into a Set of Company, " who have an utter Contempt for Cards, and whoſe " whole Pleaſure is in *Converſation.*"

DAVID thanked him, approved of what he ſaid, and they ſeparated that Night with a Reſolution of changing the Scene the next Day. And I believe my Reader, as well as myſelf, is heartily glad to quit a Subject ſo extremely barren of Matter, as that of Gaming; and into which I would not have entered at all, but that it would have been excluding my Hero from one of the *chief Scenes* to be viewed at preſent in this great Town.

CHAP. II.

Which contains a Converſation, in which is proved, how high Taſte may be carried by People, who have fixed Reſolutions of being Criticks.

WHEN *David* was alone, he began to reflect with himſelf, what could be the Meaning that Mr. *Spatter* ſeemed to take ſuch a Delight in *abuſing* People; and yet, as he obſerved, no one was more willing to oblige any Perſon, who ſtood in Need of his Aſſiſtance: He concluded, that he muſt be good at the Bottom; and that perhaps it was only his *Love of Mankind* which made him have ſuch a Hatred and Deteſtation of their Vices, as cauſed him to be eager in reproaching them; he therefore reſolved to go on with him, till he knew more of his Diſpoſition.

THE next Day they went to viſit a Lady, who was reputed to have a great deal of Wit, and was ſo *generous as to let all her Acquaintance partake of it, by omitting no Opportunity of diſplaying it.* There they found aſſembled a large Company of Ladies, and two or three Gentlemen; they were all buſy in Diſcourſe, but they roſe up, paid the uſual Compliments, and then proceeded as follows:

Firſt

First Lady. "INDEED, Madam, I think you are in "the right, as to your Opinion of *Othello*; for nothing "provokes me ſo much, as to ſee *Fools pity a Fellow*, "who could *murder* his *Wife*. For my part, I cannot "help having ſome Compaſſion for *her*, though ſhe does "not deſerve it, becauſe ſhe was ſuch a Fool as to marry "a *filthy Black*. Pray, did you ever hear any Thing "like what my Lady *True-wit* ſaid the other Night? "that the only Part of the Play which affected her, "was that which inſpired an Apprehenſion of what that "*odious Wretch* muſt feel, when he found out that *Deſ-* "*demona* was innocent; as if he could ſuffer too much, "after being guilty of ſo barbarous an Action."

Second Lady. "INDEED, I am not at all ſurprized at "any Thing that Lady *True-wit* ſays; for I have heard "her aſſert the moſt prepoſterous Things in the World: "Nay, ſhe affirms, a Man may be very fond of a Wo- "man, notwithſtanding he is jealous of her, and *dares* "*ſuſpect her Virtue.*"

Third Lady. "THAT Lady once ſaid, that one of "the moſt beautiful Incidents in all *King Lear* was, that "the Impertinence of his Daughter's Servant was the firſt "Thing that made him uneaſy; and after that, I think "one can wonder at nothing: For certainly it was a "great Overſight in the Poet, when he was writing the "Character of a King, to take Notice of the Behaviour "of ſuch *vulgar Wretches*; as if what they did was any "Thing to the Purpoſe. But ſome People are very fond "of turning the greateſt Faults into Beauties, that they "may be thought to have found out ſomething extraor- "dinary: And then they muſt admire every Thing in "*Shakeſpear*, as they think, to prove their own Judg- "ment: But for my part, I am not afraid to give *my* "*Opinion* freely of the greateſt Men that ever wrote."

Fourth Lady. THERE is nothing ſo ſurprizing to me, "as the Abſurdity of almoſt every Body I meet with; "they can't even laugh or cry in the right Place. Per- "haps it will be hardly believed; but I really ſaw People "in the Boxes laſt Night, at the Tragedy of *Cato*, ſit "with dry Eyes, and ſhow no kind of Emotion, when "that *great Man* fell on his *Sword*; nor was it at all "owing to any *Firmneſs of Mind*, that made them inca-

" pable of crying neither, for that I ſhould have *admired.*
" But I have known thoſe very *People* ſhed Tears at
" *George Barnwell.*"

A good many Ladies ſpeak at once. " OH, intolera-
" ble! cry for an *odious Apprentice-Boy*, who murdered
" his Uncle, at the Inſtigation too of a common Wo-
" man; and yet be unmoved, *when even* Cato *bled for*
" *his Country!*"

Old Lady. " THAT is no Wonder, I aſſure you, La-
" dies; for I once heard my Lady *Know-all* poſitively
" affirm *George Barnwell* to be one of the beſt Things
" that ever was wrote; for that Nature is Nature, in
" whatever Station it is placed: And that ſhe could be as
" much affected with the Diſtreſs of a Man in *Low Life*,
" as if he was a *Lord* or a *Duke*. And what is yet more
" *amazing*, is, that the Time ſhe chuſes to weep moſt,
" is juſt as he has killed the Man who prays for him in
" the Agonies of Death: And then, only becauſe he
" *whines over him*, and ſeems ſenſible of what he has
" done, ſhe muſt ſhed Tears for a *Wretch*, whom every
" Body of either *Senſe* or *Goodneſs*, would wiſh to
" cruſh, and make ten Times more miſerable than
" he is."

A Lady who had been ſilent, and was a particular Friend of Lady Know all's, *ſpeaks.* " INDEED that
" Lady is the moſt affected Creature that I ever knew,
" ſhe and Lady *True-wit* think no one can equal them;
" they have taken a Fancy to ſet up the Author of
" *George Barnwell* for a Writer, tho' certainly he writes
" the *worſt Language* in the World: There is a little
" Thing of his, called, *The Fatal Curioſity*, which, for
" my Part, I know not what to make of; and they run
" about crying it up, as if *Shakeſpear* himſelf might
" have wrote it. Certainly that Fellow muſt be ſome-
" thing very *low*, for his Diſtreſſes always ariſe from
" *Poverty*; and then he brings his wicked Wretches,
" who are to be tempted for Money to ſome mon-
" ſtrous Action, which he would have his Audience pity
" them for."

SHE would have talked on more in this Strain, but it was interrupted by another Lady, who aſſured the Company, ſhe had the moſt ridiculous Thing to tell them

them of the two Ladies they were talking of, in the World: "For, (continued ſhe) I was once at *Don* "*Sebaſtian* with them, which is a favourite Play of "theirs; and they make a great Noiſe about the Scene "between *Dorax* and *Sebaſtian*, in the fourth Act. I "obſerved them more than the Play, to ſee in what "Manner they behaved: And what do you think they "did? Why truly, all the Time the Two Friends "were quarrelling, they ſat, indeed, with great Atten-"tion, altho' they were quite calm; but the Moment "they were reconciled, and embraced each other, they "burſt into a Flood of Tears, which they ſeemed un-"able to reſtrain They certainly muſt have ſome-"thing very *odd* in their Heads, and the Author is "very much obliged to them, for grieving moſt when "his *Hero*, *Don Sebaſtian*, had moſt Reaſon to be "pleaſed, in finding a true *Friend* in the Man he "thought his *Enemy*."

HERE the whole Company fell into a violent Fit of Laughter, and the Word *ridiculous* was the only Sound heard for ſome Time; and then they fell back again to their Diſcourſe on Authors, in which they were all ſo deſirous to prove their own Judgment, that they would not give one another leave to ſpeak.

AND now, Reader, if ever you have lived in the Country, and heard the Cackling of Geeſe, or the Gobbling of Turkeys, you may have an Idea ſomething adequate to this Scene; but if the Town has been moſtly your Place of Abode, and you are a Stranger to every rural Scene, what will give you the beſt Idea of this Converſation is the 'Change at Noon, where every one has a particular Buſineſs of his own, but a *Spectator* would find it a very difficult Matter to comprehend any Thing diſtinctly. *Addiſon*, *Prior*, *Otway*, *Congreve*, *Dryden*, *Pope*, *Shakeſpear*, *Tom Durfey*, *&c. &c. &c.* were Names all heard between whiles, tho' no one could tell who ſpoke them, or whether they were mention'd with Approbation or Diſlike. The Words *Genius*, – and *no Genius*; – *Invention*, – *Poetry*,— *fine Things*,— *bad Language*,— *no Style*,— *charming Writing*,— *Imagery*— and *Diction*, with many more Expreſſions which ſwim on the *Surface* of *Criticiſm*, ſeem'd

to have been caught by thoſe *Fiſhers for the Reputation of Wit*, tho' they were intirely ignorant what Uſe to make of them, or how to apply them properly: But as ſoon as the Noiſe grew Loud, and the whole Company were engaged in admiring their own *Sentiments* ſo much, that they obſerved nothing elſe, *David* made a Sign to his Companion, and they left the Rome, and went Home; but were, for ſome Time, in the Condition of Men juſt eſcaped from a Shipwreck, who tho' they rejoice in their Safety, yet is there ſuch an Impreſſion left on them by the Bellowing of the Waves, the curſing and ſwearing of ſome of the Sailors, the crying and praying of others, with the roaring of the Winds, that it is ſome Time before they can come to their Senſes. But as ſoon as *David* could recover himſelf enough to ſpeak coherently, he told the Gentleman, "He had now "ſhewn him what had ſurprized him more than any "Thing he ever ſaw before; for he could comprehend "what it was People purſued who ſpent their Time "in Gaming, but he could not find out what were "the Schemes of this laſt Set of Company, nor what "could poſſibly make ſo many People eager about *no-* "*thing*; for what was it to them who writ beſt or "worſt, or how could they make any Diſpute about it, "ſince the only Way of writing well was to draw all "the Characters from Nature, and to affect the Paſ- "ſions in ſuch a Manner, as that the *Diſtreſſes* of the "Good ſhould move Compaſſion, and the Amiablene's "of their Actions incite Men to imitate them; while "the *Vices* of the Bad ſtirred up Indignation and Rage, "and made Men fly their Foot-ſteps: That this was "the only Kind of Writing uſeful to Mankind, tho' "there might be Embelliſhments, and Flights of Imagi- "nation, to amuſe and divert the Reader." His Companion was quite peeviſh with him, *(which was no hard Matter for him to be)* to find him always going on with his *Goodneſs—Uſefulneſs*,—and *Morality*.—However, at laſt he fell a-laughing, and told him, "He was "much miſtaken, if he thought any of them troubled "their Heads at all about the Authors, or ever took "the leaſt Pleaſure in reading them; nay, half of them "*had not read* the Books they talk'd of; but they are

"(ſaid

" (ſaid he) a Set of People, who place their whole *Happineſs* in the *Reputation of Wit and Senſe*, and conſequently all their Converſation turns on what they " think will eſtabliſh their *Character*; and they are " the moſt inveterate Enemies to any Perſon they " imagine has more Reputation that Way than themſelves."

DAVID had no longer Patience, but cry'd out, " What Hopes can I ever have of meeting with a Man " who deſerves my Eſteem, if Mankind can be ſo furious againſt each other, for Things which are of no " manner of Conſequence, and which are only to be " valued according to the Uſe that is made of them, " while they *deſpiſe* what is in every one's Power of " attaining; namely, the Conſciouſneſs of acting with " *Honour* and *Integrity*. But I obſerved one young " Lady who ſhew'd, by her Silence, the Contempt for " the *Company* they deſerved: Pray, Sir, do you know " her? I ſhould be glad to be acquainted with her." " I know no more of her, replied *Spatter*, than that ſhe " is Daughter to one of the Ladies who was there; but " her Silence is no Proof of any Thing but that ſhe is " *unmarried*; for you muſt know, that it is reckon'd a " very ill-bred Thing for Women to ſay any more than " juſt to anſwer the Queſtions aſk'd them, while they " are *ſingle* I cannot tell the Meaning of it, unleſs it is " a Plot laid by Parents to make their Daughters willing " to accept any *Match* they provide for them, that they " may have the *Privilege of ſpeaking*. But if you are " not tired of Criticiſm, I will carry you To-morrow " where you ſhall hear ſome of a quite different Kind; " for there are three Sorts of Criticks, the one I have " already ſhewn you, who arrogantly ſet up their own " Opinions, tho' they know nothing, and would be aſham'd of taking any Thing from another; and, as " they cannot engage Attention by the Solidity of their " Sentiments, endeavour to procure it by the Loudneſs " of their Voice, and to *ſtun* thoſe they cannot *confute*. " The ſecond Sort are a Degree above them; have fix'd " in their Minds that it is neceſſary for them to know " every Thing; but, as they have ſomething more Senſe

" than the former, they find out that they have no Opi-
" nions of their own, and therefore make it their whole
" Study to get into Company with People of real Un-
" derſtanding, and to *pick* up every Thing they hear
" among them. Of this Treaſure they are ſo generous,
" that they vent it in every Company they go into, with-
" out Diſtinction, by which Means they impoſe on the
" *Undiſcerning*, and make them wonder at their *Know-*
" *ledge* and *Judgment*; but there is an Aukwardneſs
" and Want of Propriety in their Way of Speaking,
" which ſoon diſcover them to the diſcerning Eye: for
" *borrow'd Wit* becomes the Mouth as ill as *borrow'd*
" *Clothes* the Body; and whoever has no delicate Senti-
" ments, nor refined Thoughts of his own, makes as
" ill a Figure in ſpeaking them, as the moſt aukward
" Country Girl could do, dreſs'd up in all the *Finery of*
" *a Court Lady*. I remember a Man of that Sort, whom
" I once heard run through moſt of the famous Au-
" thors, without committing any Error, at leaſt in my
" Opinion; and yet there was ſomething ſo prepoſte-
" rous in his Delivery, ſomething ſo like a *School-boy*
" ſaying his Leſſon, it ſtruck me with Laughter
" and Contempt, rather than with that Admira-
" tion which he propoſed to gain by it; but he has
" ſtuck himſelf on to a Man of Senſe, whom he takes
" ſo much Pains to oblige, that, as he is not ill-natured,
" he does not know how to throw him off; by which
" Means, he has laboriouſly gather'd together all he ſays.
" I'll ſay no more of him; he will be To-morrow Even-
" ing where I propoſe to carry you; and, I dare ſay,
" you will be very well entertain'd with him; only
" mention *Books*, and he will immediately diſplay his
" *Learning*." *David* ſaid, " He ſhould be glad to
" accompany him." On which they ſeparated for that
Evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Which proves Memory to be the only Qualification neceſſary to make a modern Critick.

THE next Night they went to a Tavern, where there were three Gentlemen whom *Spatter* had promiſed to meet; and as the Ceremony is not ſo difficult to introduce Men to each other as Women, they ſoon fell into a Freedom of Converſation. *David* remember'd his Cue, and began to talk of Authors; on which the Gentleman, whom *Spatter* had mention'd, preſently began as follows: "*Homer* undoubtedly had "the greateſt *Genius* of any Man who ever writ: "There is ſuch a *Luxuriancy* of Fancy, ſuch a Know- "ledge of *Nature*, ſuch a Penetration into the inmoſt "Receſſes of all the Paſſions of the Human Kind diſplay'd "in his Works, as none can *equal*, and few dare *imitate*. "*Virgil* certainly is the moſt correct Writer that ever "was; but then his *Invention* is not ſo *fruitful*, his "Poem is more of the *narrative Kind*, and his Cha- "racters are not ſo much alive as thoſe of his *great* "*Maſter*. *Milton*, who imitates the other two, I think, "excels the *latter*, tho' he does not come up to the "*former*: he certainly can never be enough admired; "for nothing can at once be more the Object of Won- "der and Delight than his *Paradiſe Loſt*. *Shakeſpear*, "whoſe Name is immortal, had an Imagination which "had the *Power of Creation*, a *Genius* which could "form *new Beings*, and make a *Language* proper for "them. *Ben Johnſon*, who writ at the ſame Time, "had a vaſt deal of *true Humour* in his Comedies, and "very fine Writing in his Tragedies; but then he is "a *laborious* Writer, a great many of thoſe beautiful "Speeches in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are *Tranſlations* from "the Claſſicks, and he can by no means be admitted "into any Competition with *Shakeſpear*. But I think "any Compariſon between them ridiculous; for what "Mr. *Addiſon* ſays of *Homer* and *Virgil*, *That reading the* "Iliad *is like travelling through a Country uninhabited,* "*where the Fancy is entertain'd with a thouſand ſa-*

"*vage*

" *vage Proſpects of vaſt Deſarts, wide uncultivated*
" *Marſhes, huge Foreſts, miſhapen Rocks and Precipices:*
" *On the contrary, the* Æneid *is like a well-order'd Gar-*
" *den, where it is impoſſible to find out any Part un-*
" *adorn'd, or to caſt our Eyes upon a ſingle Spot that*
" *does not produce ſome beautiful Plant or Flower:* is
" equally applicable to *Shakeſpear* and *Ben Johnſon*;
" ſo that to ſay the one or the other writes beſt, is
" like ſaying of a *Wilderneſs*, that it is not a *regular*
" *Garden*; or, of a *regular Garden*, that it does not
" run out into that Wildneſs which raiſes *the Imagina-*
" *tion*, and is to be found in Places where only the
" Hand of Nature is to be ſeen. In my Opinion, the
" ſame Thing will hold as to *Corneille* and *Racine:*
" *Corneille* is the *French Shakeſpear*, and *Racine* their
" *Ben Johnſon*. The Genius of *Corneille*, like a fiery
" Courſer, is hard to be reſtrain'd; while *Racine* goes on
" in a majeſtick Pace, and never turns out of the Way,
" either to the Right or Left. The Smoothneſs of *Wal-*
" *ler*'s Verſe reſembles a *gentle cooling Stream*, which
" gives Pleaſure, and yet keeps the Mind in Calmneſs
" and Serenity; while *Dryden*'s Genius is like a rapid
" River, ready to over-leap its Bounds; which we view
" with Admiration, and find while we are reading him,
" our Fancy heighten'd to rove thro' all the various *La-*
" *byrinths* of the *human Mind*. It is a thouſand Pities
" he ſhould ever have been *forced to write for Money*;
" for who that has read his *Guiſcarda* and *Sigiſmonda*,
" could ever have thought he could have pen'd ſome
" other Things that go in his Name? *Prior*'s Excellence
" lay in telling of Stories: And *Cowley* had a great deal
" of *Wit*; *but his Verſe is ſomething hobbling*. His pin-
" darick Odes have ſome very fine Thoughts in them,
" altho' I think, in the main, not much to be admired;
" for it is my Opinion, that Manner of Writing is pecu-
" liar to *Pindar* himſelf; and the Pretence to imitate
" him is, as if a Dwarf ſhould undertake to ſtep over
" wide Rivers, and ſtride at once over Mountains, becauſe
" he has ſeen a Giant do it."

HERE our Gentleman's *Breath began to fail him*, for he had utter'd all this as faſt as he could ſpeak, as if he was afraid he ſhould *loſe his Thread*, and *for-*

get-

get all that *was to come.* When he had ceaſed, his *Eyes rolled with more than uſual Quickneſs*, to view the *Applauſe* he *expected*, and thought he ſo well *deſerved*, and he look'd bewilder'd in his own Eloquence.

THE two Gentlemen who were with him ſeem'd ſtruck with *Amazement*; and yet there was a Mixture of *Uneaſineſs* in their Countenances, which plainly proved they were *ſorry* they had not ſpoke every Word he had ſaid. *David* ſtared to hear ſo much good Senſe thrown away, only by being convey'd thro' a Channel not made by Nature for that Purpoſe; whilſt his Companion *diverted* himſelf with the Thoughts how *ridiculous* a Figure the Man made, at the ſame Time that he fancied he was the *Object of Admiration* They ſtaid at the Tavern but a ſhort Time, and concluded the Evening at Home, as uſual, with *Spatter*'s *Animadverſions* on the Company they had juſt left *David* ſaid, "He thought "there was no great Harm in this Sort of Vanity; for "if a Man could make himſelf happy by imagining "himſelf ſix Feet tall, tho' he was but three, it cer-"tainly would be ill-natured in any one to take that "Happineſs from him." *Spatter* ſmiled, and ſaid, "He "believed he at preſent ſpoke without Conſideration; "for nothing hurts a Man or his Acquaintance more than "his poſſeſſing himſelf with the Thoughts he is any "Thing he is not. If, indeed, a ſhort Man would think "himſelf tall, without being actuated by that Fancy, "there would be no great Matter in it; but if that "Whim carries him to be continually endeavouring at "Things out of his *Reach*, it probably will make him "pull them down on his own Head, and thoſe of all his "Companions; and if the looking as if you did not "believe he is quite ſo tall, as he *is reſolved you "ſhall think him*, will turn him from being your Friend "into your moſt inveterate Enemy, then it becomes hurt-"ful: And, continued he, I never yet knew a Man who "did not *hate* the Perſon, who ſeemed not to have the "ſame Opinion of him as he had of himſelf; and, as "that very ſeldom happens, I believe it is one of the "chief Cauſes of the Malignity Mankind have againſt "one another. If a Man who is *mad*, and has taken it "into his Head he is a King, will content himſelf with

"*mock*

" *mock Diadems*, and the tawdry Robes of Honour he " can come at, in ſome it will excite *Laughter*, and in " others *Pity*, according to the different Sorts of Men; " but if he is afraid that others don't pay him the Re- " ſpect due to the *Station*, his own *wild Brain* has " placed him in, and for that Reaſon carries *Daggers* and " *Poiſon* under his *fancied royal Robes*, to murder " every Body he meets, he will become the *Peſt of So-* " *ciety*; and, in their own Defence, Men are obliged " to confine him. The three Fellows we were with to- " night, have an Averſion to every Body who don't ſeem " to think them as *wiſe* as they think *themſelves*; and, " as they have ſome Reaſon to believe that does not " often happen, there are but very few People to whom " they would not willingly do any Injury in their power: " Whereas, if they would be contented with being as " *nonſenſical dull Blockheads as Nature made them*, " they might paſs through the World without doing " any Miſchief; and perhaps, as they have *Money*, they " might *ſometimes do a good Action.*'

DAVID ſaid, *he had convinced him he was miſtaken, and he was always more aſhamed to perſiſt in the wrong than to own his having been ſo.* His Companion aſked him if he would ſpend the next Day in relaxing his Mind, by being continually in what is called Company, and converſing with a *Set of No-bodies.* But I ſhall defer the Adventures of the next Day to another Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

In which is ſeen the negative Deſcription moſt proper to ſet forth the No Qualities of a great Number of Creatures, who ſtrut about on the Face of the Earth.

THE next Morning *David* aſked *Spatter*, what it was he meant by his No-bodies. He told him he meant a Number of Figures of Men, whom he knew not how to give any other Denomination to: But if he would ſaunter with him from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, and into *St. James*'s Park, which are Places they

they much haunt, he would ſhew him great Numbers of them: He need not be afraid of them; for altho' there was no Good in them, yet were they perfectly inoffenſive; they would talk for ever, and ſay nothing; were always in Motion, and yet could not properly be ſaid ever to act. They have neither Wit nor Senſe of any Kind; and yet, as they have no Paſſions, they are ſeldom guilty of ſo many Indiſcretions as other Men; the only Thing they can be ſaid to have, is Pride; and the only Way to find that out, is by a Strut in their Gait, ſomething reſembling that of Peacock, which ſhews they are conſcious (if they can be ſaid to have any Conſciouſneſs) of their *own Dignity*; and, like the Peacock, their Vanity is all owing to their fine Feathers: for they are generally adorned with all the Art imaginable.

BUT come, if you will go with me, you may ſee them; for now is the Time for them to peep Abroad, which they generally do about Noon.

DAVID and *Spatter* ſpent all that Day in rambling about with theſe No-bodies; for as *Spatter* knew their Walks, they ſoon met whole Cluſters of them. *David* found them juſt what his Companion had deſcribed them: And when they came Home at Night, he ſaid, "it had been the moſt agreeable Day he had ſpent a great "While; for he was only hurt by converſing with *miſ-* "*chievous Animals*; but theſe Creatures appeared quite "harmleſs, and they certainly were created for ſome "wiſe Purpoſe. They might, perhaps, like *Cyphers in* "*an Account*, be of great Uſe in the whole, tho' it was "not to be found out by the narrow Sight of ignorant "Mortals." *Spatter* made no other Anſwer, but by uttering the Word *Fools* with ſome Earneſtneſs; a Monoſyllable he always choſe to pronounce before he went to Bed, inſomuch that it was thought by ſome who knew him, he could not ſleep without it. After this, they both retired to Reſt.

THE next Day they accidentally met at a Coffee-houſe, an Acquaintance of *Spatter*'s, who behaved with that extreme Civility and Good-humour to every Thing around him, that *David* took a great Fancy to him, and reſolved to ſpend the Day with him. They went all to a Tavern

a Tavern to Dinner, and there paſſed a Scene, which would have been no ill Entertainment to the true *Lovers of Ridicule:* The Converſation turned moſtly on the Characters of the Men beſt known about Town. Mr. *Varniſh*, for that was this Gentleman's Name, found ſomething praiſe-worthy in every Body who was mentioned; he dropped all their Faults, talked of nothing but their good Qualities, and ſought out good Motives for every Action that had any Appearance of *bad*. He turned Extravagance into Generoſity, Avarice into Prudence, and ſo on, through the whole Catalogue of *Virtues and Vices:* And when he was puſhed ſo Home on any Perſon's Faults, that he could not entirely juſtify them, he would only ſay, "indeed, they were not what he could "wiſh them; however, he was ſure they had ſome Good "in them." On the contrary, *Spatter* fell to cutting up every freſh Perſon who was brought on the Carpet, without any Mercy. He loaded them with Blemiſhes, was ſilent on all their Perfections, imputed good Actions to bad Motives; looked through the Magnifying-Glaſs on all their Defects, and through the other End of the Perſpective on every Thing commendable in them: And, quite oppoſite to Mr. *Varniſh*, he always ſpoke in the Affirmative when he was condemning; and in the Negative when he was forced, in ſpite of himſelf, to allow the unfortunate Wretch, whom he was ſo horribly mauling, any good Qualities.

If the Reader has a Mind to have a lively Idea of this Scene, let him imagine to himſelf a Contention between a Painter, who is finiſhing his favourite Piece, and a Man who places his Delight in throwing Dirt; as faſt as the one employs his Art to make it beautiful, and hide its Blemiſhes, the other comes with Shoals of Dirt, and beſpatters it all over. And poor *David* was in the Situation of a Man who was to view the Piece, which had thus alternately been touched by the Pencil, and daubed with Mud, till it was impoſſible to gueſs what it originally was. Or if this will not give him an adequate Idea of it, let him fancy a vain Man giving his own Character, and a revengeful one giving that of his moſt inveterate Enemy. This Contraſt, in theſe two Men,

Men, and the Eagerneſs with which they both eſpouſed their favourite Topicks, one of praiſing, and the other of blaming, would have been the higheſt Diverſion to all thoſe Men, who make it their Buſineſs to get together ſuch Companies, as, by *oppoſing each other, afford them Matter of Laughter.*

BUT poor Mr. *Simple* looked on things in another light; he was ſeriouſly conſidering the Motives from which they both acted: He could not help applauding Mr. *Varniſh*; but then he was afraid leſt he ſhould be too credulous in his good Opinion, as he had often been already, and in the end diſcover, that all this Appearance of Good-nature was not founded on any real Merit, as moſt of the People they had talked of were Strangers to him; and he was not of the Opinion, that the *more ignorant a Man is of any Subject the more neceſſary it is to talk of it.* He ſaid very little: but when he came home in the Evening, he aſked *Spatter*, what could be the Reaſon he ſo earneſtly inſiſted on putting the worſt Conſtructions on every Man's Actions; who replied, "that he hated Detraction as much as any Man living, "and was as willing to allow Men the Merit they real-"ly had; but he could not bear to ſee a Fellow im-"poſing himſelf as a Good-natured Man on the World, "only becauſe Nature had given him none of that Me-"lancholy, which Phyſicians call by the Name of the "Black Blood, which makes him, to pleaſe himſelf, "look on every thing on the beſt ſide. I can't ſay (con-"tinued he) that Gentleman is ill-humoured; but I am "confident he has none of thoſe Senſations which ariſe "from Good-nature: for if the beſt Friend he had was "in ever ſo deplorable a Situation, I don't ſay he "would do nothing to relieve him, but he would "go on in his *good-humoured Way*, and feel no Un-"eaſineſs from any thing he ſuffered. This I ſay, only "to ſhew you, how deſirous I am of placing things in "the moſt *favourable light*: for it is rather my Opinion, "he is ſo deſpicable a Fellow, as to lead a Life of conti-"nual Hypocriſy, and affects all that Complaiſance only "to deceive Mankind. And as he is no Fool, he may "think deeply enough to know, that the praiſing of "People for what they don't deſerve, is the ſureſt way

"of

" of making them contemptible, and leading others in-
" to the thinking of their Faults. For with all his Love
" of his Species, I can't find it goes farther than Words:
" I never heard of any thing remakable he did to prove
" that Love." *David* ſaid, " let what would be the
" Cauſe of his Good-humour, and apparent Good-nature,
" yet if his Actions were not conformable to his Diſcourſe,
" he could not Eſteem him; altho' he could not help
" being pleaſed with his Converſation."

THUS they talked on, from one Subject to another, till they happened on Revenge. *David* ſaid, " of all
" things in the World, he ſhould hate a Man who was
" of a vindictive Temper; for his part, he could never
" keep up Anger againſt any one, even tho' he ſhould
" endeavour to do it. All he would do, when he found
" a Man capable of hurting him (unprovoked) was to
" avoid him." " Indeed, Sir, (ſays *Spatter*) I am not
" of your mind; for I think there is nothing ſo pleaſant
" as Revenge: I would purſue a Man, who had injured
" me, to the very brink of Life. I know it would be
" impoſſible for me ever to forgive him; and I would
" have him live, only that I might have the Pleaſure of
" ſeeing him miſerable." *David* was amazed at this, and ſaid, " Pray, Sir, conſider, as you are a Chriſtian,
" you cannot act in that manner." *Spatter* replied, " he
" was ſorry it was againſt the Rules of Chriſtianity, but
" he could not help his Temper: he thought forgiving
" any body a very great Meanneſs, and he was ſure it was
" what he could never bring himſelf to." But as they were both tired, they ſeparated without any farther Diſcourſe on the Subject for that Night.

CHAP. V.

In which People of no Fortune may learn what monſtrous Ingratitude they are guilty of, when they are inſenſible of the great Obligation of being ill uſed; with many other things which I ſhall not acquaint the Reader with before-hand.

DAVID could not ſleep that Night, for reflecting on this Converſation. He had never yet found any Fault

Fault with *Spatter*, but his railing againſt others; and as he loved to excuſe every body till he found ſomething very bad in them, he imputed it to his Love of Virtue and Hatred of Vice: But what he had juſt been ſaying, made him think him a perfect Dæmon, and he had the utmoſt Horror of his Principles; he reſolved therefore to ſtay no longer with him. He accordingly got up the next Morning, and went out, without taking Leave or any Notice of him, in order to ſeek a new Lodging

IN his Walk he met with Mr. *Varniſh*, who accoſted him in the moſt agreeable Manner, and aſked him if he would take a turn in the *Park* with him. The Diſcourſe naturally fell on *Spatter*, as he was the Perſon who introduced them to each other; and *Varniſh* aſked *David*, "How he could be ſo intimate with a Man, "who did nothing but laugh and ridicule him behind his "his back." This Queſtion a little confounded *David*, which the other perceiving, continued to aſſure him, "That *Spatter* had repreſented him in ſeveral publick "Places as a Mad-man, who had purſued a Scheme which "was never capable of entering the Brain of one in his "Senſes; namely, of hunting after a real Friend. This, "Sir, ſays *Varniſh*, he ridiculed with more Pleaſantry "than I can remember; and, in the end, ſaid, you was "as ſilly as a little Child, who cries for the Moon." However difficult it was to raiſe *David*'s Reſentment, yet he found an Indignation within him at having his favourite Scheme made a jeſt of: for his Man of Goodneſs and Virtue was, to him, what *Dulcinea* was to Don *Quixote*; and to hear it was thought impoſſible for any ſuch thing to be found, had an equal Effect on him as what *Sancho* had on the Knight, when he told him, "His great Princeſs was winnowing of Wheat, and "ſifting Corn." He cry'd out, "Is there a Man on "Earth who finds ſo much Badneſs in his own Boſom, "as to convince him; for from thence he muſt be con-"vinced, that there is no ſuch thing in the World as "Goodneſs? But I ſhould wonder at nothing in a Man, "who profeſſes himſelf a Lover of Revenge, and of an "inexorable Temper." *Varniſh* ſmiled, and ſaid, "If "he would pleaſe to hear him, he would tell him *Spat-*

ter's

" *ter*'s Character, which, by what he had ſaid, he found " he was wholly miſtaken in; for it was ſo odd a one, " that no body could find it out, unleſs they had con- " verſed with him a great while: That, for his part, " he ſhould never have known it, had he not been told " it by a Man who had been a long time intimate with " him, and who knew the Hiſtory of his whole Life." " *David* ſaid he would be all Attention. Then Mr. " *Varniſh* went on as follows.

" You are to know, Sir, Mr. *Spatter*'s Ill-nature " dwells no-where but in his Tongue; and the very " People whom he ſo induſtriouſly endeavours to abuſe, " he would do any thing in his power to ſerve. I have " known Inſtances of his doing the beſt-natured Actions " in the World, and, at the ſame time, abuſing the " very Perſon he was ſerving. He deals out the Words " *Fool* and *Knave* with ſuch Liberality behind People's " Backs, and finds ſuch a Variety of Epithets and Me- " taphors to convey thoſe Ideas to Perſons before their " Faces, that he makes himſelf many inveterate Enemies. " He, indeed, ſoon forgets what he has ſaid, finds no Ill-will " in himſelf, and thinks no more of it; but thoſe who " hear what he hath ſaid openly againſt them in their " Abſence, or comprehend his dark Abuſe in their Pre- " ſence, never forgive him. I myſelf was once a Wit- " neſs of his doing the moſt generous thing in the World " by a Man, whom, the Moment he was gone out of " the Room, he fell to pulling to pieces, in a manner as " if he had been his greateſt Enemy. What can be the " Cauſe of it, I cannot imagine; whether, as you ſee " he has a great deal of Wit, and it lies chiefly in Satire, " he does it in order to diſplay his Parts; or whether " it is owing to a natural Spleen in his Temper, I cannot " determine. But as to his being of a revengeful Tem- " per, I can aſſure you he is quite the contrary; for I " have ſeen him do friendly things to People, who I am " certain, had done him great injuries; but that is his " Way. And ſo great is his Love of Abuſe, that when " no one elſe is talk'd of, to give him an Opportunity of " diſplaying his favourite Talent, he falls to abuſing him- " ſelf and makes his own Character much worſe than it " is; for I have known him ſay ſuch things of his own

" Prin-

" Principles, as would make any one think him the worſt " Creature in the World, and the next Minute act quite " the contrary; nay; I verily believe, this Humour ſo " ſtrongly poſſeſſes him, that, could he be put into a World " by himſelf, he would walk about abuſing himſelf even " to inanimate Things: for I think he would die of the " Spleen, if it was not for that Vent. He is like a mad " Man, who, when he finds nothing elſe to cut and " ſlaſh, turns his Sword on himſelf."

DAVID's Anger at *Spatter*'s turning him into Ridicule, was now quite vaniſh'd, for Rage never laſted above two Minutes with him; and he was glad to hear an account, which did not make *Spatter* ſo black as, by his laſt Converſation, he began to ſuſpect him. On the other hand, he was pleaſed to think all the Characters of Men he had had from him were not ſo bad as he had repreſented them. However, he reſolved to leave him; for nothing was more unpleaſant to him than continual Invectives; nor could he reſiſt an offer Mr. *Varniſh* made him of lodging in the ſame Houſe with him, for in his Company he always found himſelf pleaſed.

THE next Day *Varniſh* told him he would carry him to viſit my Lady ———, who was juſt come from abroad, where he believed he would be very well entertain'd, as her Houſe was frequented by a great deal of good Company. *David*, who was never out of his way, very willingly accompanied him. There happen'd that Afternoon to be only three Ladies, (who all appeared by their manner, to be very intimate in the Family) the Lady of the Houſe, and a young Woman who lived with her. Our Hero, on whoſe Tenderneſs the leaſt Appearance of Grief in others made an immediate Impreſſion, could not help obſerving, in the Countenance of this young Creature, a fix'd Melancholy, which made him uneaſy.

THEY had not been long ſeated before my Lady —— ſent her out of the Room for ſome Trifle, ſaying, with a Sneer, " She hoped the *Expectation of being a Lady* " had not turn'd her Head in ſuch a manner, that ſhe " had forgot to walk acroſs the Room." *Cynthia* (for that was the young Woman's Name) gave her a Look, which at once expreſs'd Indignation and Shame at being thus

thus treated; with ſuch a Mixture of Softneſs, as plainly proved ſhe was ſorry ſhe had ſo much Reaſon to deſpiſe the Perſon ſhe wiſhed to love. As ſoon as ſhe was gone out of the Room, my Lady without any Reſerve, began to declare, "what an *ungrateful Creature* ſhe "was; ſaid, ſhe had taken her into her Houſe from "meer Compaſſion, uſed her as well as if ſhe had been "her neareſt *Relation*; and the Reward ſhe had for all "this, was the Wretch's endeavouring to draw in her "Nephew (a Boy about 17) to marry her." *David*, who utterly deteſted all Ingratitude, began in his Mind to be of my Lady's ſide; but then he could not help reflecting, that Inſult was not the proper Manner of ſhewing Reſentment for ſuch Uſage; if *Cynthia* was really guilty of ſuch a piece of Treachery, he thought it would be better to part with ſuch a Wretch, than to keep her only to abuſe her.

THE other Ladies gave ſeveral Inſtances of the Ingratitude of thoſe low *mean Animals*, who were forced to be *Dependants*, declaring, "That, from the Expe-"rience they had had of the badneſs of the World, "they were almoſt tempted to ſwear they would never "do any thing to ſerve any body;" at the ſame time giving very broad hints, "what a vaſt Reſtraint this "would be upon their Inclinations, *which naturally led* "*them to Good.*"

ONE of the Ladies, amongſt ſeveral others, gave the following Inſtance how ungrateful the World was: "That ſhe had bred up a young Woman from her "Childhood, who was, indeed, the Daughter of a "Man of Faſhion, a very good Friend of her's, for "which Reaſon ſhe took to her, purely from Good-"nature; but when ſhe came to be old enough to be "capable of being of ſervice, ſhe only deſired the Wench "to *keep her Houſe*, to *take care of her Children*, to "*overlook all her Servants*, to be *ready to ſit with her* "*when ſhe call'd her*,—with *many more trifling things*; "and Madam grew out of humour at it, altho' ſhe ne-"ver put the Creature at all on the footing of a Ser-"vant, *nor paid her any Wages as ſuch*, but *look'd on* "*her as her Companion.* Indeed, (continued ſhe) I ſoon "grew weary of it; for the Girl pin'd and cried in "ſuch

" ſuch a manner, I could not bear the Sight of her. I " did not dare to ſpeak to the Minx, which I never " did but in the *genteeleſt Terms*, only to tell her what a " *Situation ſhe was in*, and how unbecoming it was in her " to think herſelf on a footing *with People of Fortune*; " for that ſhe was left by her Father on the World, " without any Proviſion, and was beholden to me for " every thing ſhe had. And I do aſſure you, I never " talk'd to her in this manner but ſhe had *Tears in her* " *Eyes* for a Week afterwards."

ALL the Company, except *David*, join'd with this Lady in condemning the poor Girl's monſtrous Ingratitude; but he could not forbear telling her, " He thought it was " a little unkind in her to upbraid ſo unfortunate a Per- " ſon, as the young Woman ſhe had been talking of, with any Favours ſhe conferr'd on her." On this enſued a Diſcourſe between the four Ladies, *concerning Obligation and Ingratitude, of which I really cannot remember one Word.*

WHEN the two Gentlemen got home, *David* ſaid to his Companion, " He had a great Curioſity to hear *Cyn-* " *thia*'s Story; for there was ſomething ſo Good-natur- " ed in her Countenance, that he was very much inclin- " ed to believe my Lady —— had not repreſented " the Caſe fairly." Adding, " That he ſhould be oblig- " ed to him, if he would carry him the next day to ſee " *Cynthia* alone; for he had obſerved by my Lady's " Converſation, that ſhe was to go out of Town in the " Morning, and ſhould leave *Cynthia* at Home." *Varniſh*, who was all *Complaiſance*, readily comply'd with his Requeſt; for he had long a time been intimate in the Family, and had Admittance as often as he pleaſed; only he told him, " He muſt leave him there ſome " time, being obliged to meet a Gentleman in the Coffee- " Houſe." This gave *David* an Opportunity of being alone with *Cynthia*, which he eagerly embraced, to tell her, " That he ſaw by her look and Manner ſhe was ve- " ry unhappy, and begg'd, if it was any way in his " power to ſerve her, ſhe would let him know it; for " nothing in this World was capable of giving him ſo " much Pleaſure, as relieving the Diſtreſs'd." *Cynthia* at firſt reply'd, " That ſhe dared not ever receive any

" more

" more *Obligations*; for ſhe had already ſuffer'd ſo much " by acceping them, that ſhe heartily wiſh'd ſhe had gone " thro' all the Miſeries Poverty could have brought up- " on her, rather than have endured half what ſhe " had done for living in Plenty at another's Expence.

BUT, at laſt, by the Innocence of *David*'s Looks, and the Sincerity which was viſible in his Manner of expreſſing himſelf, ſhe was prevailed on to relate the the Hiſtory of her Life; which will be the Subject of another Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

In which is diſplayed the Miſery young Perſons, who have any Taſte, ſuffer, unleſs they are bred up with reaſonable People.

" I Cannot ſay, I ever had any Happineſs in my Life; " for while I was young, I was bred up with my " Father and Mother, who without deſigning me any " harm, were continually teazing me. I loved reading, " and had a great Deſire of attaining Knowledge; but " whenever I aſked Queſtions of any Kind whatſoever, I " was always told, *ſuch Things were not proper for Girls " of my Age to know:* If I was pleaſed with any Book " above the moſt ſilly Story or Romance, it was taken " from me. For *Miſs muſt not enquire too far into " Things, it would turn her Brain; ſhe had better mind " her Needle-work, and ſuch Things as are uſeful for " Women; reading and poring on Books, would never " get me a Huſband.* Thus was I condemned to ſpend " my Youth, the Time when our Imagination is at the " higheſt, and we are capable of moſt Pleaſure, with- " out being indulged in any one thing I liked; and oblig- " ed to employ myſelf, in what was fancied by my miſtak- " en Parents to be for my Improvement, altho' in reality " it was nothing more than what any Perſon, a degree " above a natural Fool, might learn as well in a very " ſmall time, as in a thouſand Ages And what yet " aggravated my Misfortunes was, my having a Bro- " ther who hated reading to ſuch a degree, he had a " perfect Averſion to the very ſight of a Book; and he

" muſt

" muſt be cajoled or whipp'd into Learning, while it " was denied me, who had the utmoſt Eagerneſs for " it. Young, and unexperienced as I was in the " World, I could not help obſerving the Error of this " Conduct, and the Impoſſibility of ever making him " get any Learning, that could be of uſe to him, or of " preventing my loving it.

" I HAD two Siſters, whoſe Behaviour was more ſhock- " ing to me than that of my Father and Mother; becauſe " as we were more of an Age, we were more conſtant- " ly together. I ſhould have loved them with the ſin- " cereſt Affection, if they had behaved to me in a man- " ner I could have borne with Patience: They neither " of them were to be reckon'd amongſt the ſilleſt Wo- " men; and had both ſome ſmall glimmering rays of Parts " and Wit. To this was owing all their Faults, for they " were ſo partial to themſelves, they miſtook this faint " dawn of Day, for the Sun in its Meridian; and from " graſping at what they could not attain, obſcured, " and rendered uſeleſs all the Underſtanding they really " had. From hence, they took an inveterate Hatred " to me, becauſe moſt of our Acquaintance allowed " me to have more Wit than they had; and when I " ſpoke, I was generally liſtened to with more Attention. " I don't ſpeak this from Vanity; for I have been ſo " teazed and tormented about *Wit*, I really wiſh there " was no ſuch thing in the World. I am very certain, " the Woman who is poſſeſſed of it, unleſs ſhe can be " ſo peculiarly happy as to live with People void of En- " vy, had better be without it. The Fate of thoſe " Perſons who have Wit, is no where ſo well deſcribed, " as in thoſe excellent Lines in the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, " which are ſo exactly ſuited to my preſent Purpoſe, I " cannot forbear repeating them to you:

Unhappy Wit, like moſt miſtaken Things,
Atones not for that Envy which it brings;
In Youth alone its empty Praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd Vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair Flower, the early Spring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but even in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our Cares employ?
The Owner's Wife, that other Men enjoy:

The moſt our Trouble ſtill, when moſt admir'd,
The more we give, the more is ſtill requir'd.
The Fame with Pains we gain, but loſe with Eaſe;
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe:
'Tis what the Vicious fear, the Virtuous ſhun,
By Fools 'tis hated, and by Knaves undone.

" I NEVER ſpoke, but I was a *Wit*; if I was ſilent, " it was Contempt. I *certainly could not deign to con-* " *verſe with ſuch People as they were.* Thus whatever " I did, diſobliged them; and it was impoſſible to be " otherwiſe, as the Cauſe of their Diſpleaſure was what " I could not remove. I ſhould have been very well " pleaſed with their Converſation, if they had been con- " tented to have been what Nature deſigned them; for " Good-humour and a deſire to pleaſe, is all I with for " in a Companion; for, in my Opinion, being inoffen- " ſive goes a great way in rendering any Perſon agreea- " ble; but ſo little did they ſhew to me, that every Word " I ſpoke was miſunderſtood, and turned to my Diſad- " vantage. I remember once on my ſaying, I would " follow my Inclinations while they were innocent, and " no ill conſequences attended them; my eldeſt Siſter " made me ſo abſurd an Anſwer, I cannot help relat- " ing it to you: for ſhe ſaid, *ſhe did not at all doubt,* " *but I would follow my Inclinations, ſhe was really* " *afraid what I ſhould come to, as ſhe ſaw, I fancied* " *it a Sign of* Wit *to be a* Libertine; a Word which " ſhe choſe to thunder often in my Ears, as ſhe had " heard me frequently expreſs a particular Averſion to " thoſe of our Sex who deſerve it. Indeed ſhe always " exulted, in ſaying any thing ſhe thought could hurt " me: If I dropt an unguarded Word or Expreſſion, " they could poſſibly lay hold on, to turn into what they " thought *Ridicule*, the Joy it gave them was incredi- " ble; if I took up a Book, they could not comprehend, " they ſuddenly grew very modeſt, and did not pretend " to know what was only fit *for the Learned.* It is really " entertaining to ſee the ſhifts People make to conceal " from themſelves their own want of Capacities: for " whoever really has Senſe, will underſtand whatever is " writ in their own Language, altho' they are intirely " ignorant of all others, with an Exception only of the

tech-

" technical Terms of Sciences. But I was once ac-
" quainted with an old Man who, from a ſmall Suſpi-
" cion, that he was not thought by the World to be ex-
" tremely wiſe, was always conſidering which Way he
" ſhould flatter himſelf that the Fault was not in him,
" but owing to ſome Accident; till at laſt he hit on the
" Thought, that his Folly was cauſed by his Father's
" Neglect of him; for he did not at all ſeem to doubt, but
" he ſhould have had as much Senſe as another, if he had
" but underſtood *Greek* and *Latin*. As if Languages
" had a Charm in them, which could baniſh all *Stupidity*
" *and Nonſenſe* from thoſe who underſtood them. But
" to proceed in my Story:

" IF Youth and Livelineſs ſometimes led me into any
" Action, which they, in their *riper Judgments* (for
" the youngeſt of them was five Years older than my-
" ſelf) termed Indiſcretions, they immediately *thanked*
" *God, though they had no* Wit, *they had* Common Senſe,
" *and knew how to conduct themſelves in Life, which*
" *they thought much more valuable; but* theſe Wits *had*
" *never any Judgment.* This is a Miſtake which pre-
" vails generally in the World, and, I believe, ariſes
" from the ſtrong Deſire moſt Men have to be thought
" witty; but when they find it's impoſſible, they would
" willingly be thought to have a Contempt for it; and
" perhaps they ſometimes have the Art of flattering
" themſelves to ſuch a Degree, as really to believe they do
" deſpiſe it: *For Men often impoſe ſo much on their own*
" *Underſtandings, as to triumph in thoſe very Things*
" *they would be aſhamed of, if their Self-Love would*
" *but permit them for a Moment, to ſee Things clearly as*
" *they are: They go beyond the Jack-daw in the Fable,*
" *who never went farther than to ſtrut about in the Pea-*
" *cock's Feathers, with a Deſign of impoſing on others.*
" *For they endeavour ſo long to blind other Men's Eyes,*
" *that at laſt they quite darken their own; and although*
" *in their Nature they are certainly Daws, yet they find*
" *a Method of perſuading themſelves that they are Pea-*
" *cocks.* But notwithſtanding all the Induſtry People
" may make Uſe of to blind themſelves, *if Wit conſiſts,*
" as Mr. *Locke* ſays, *in the Aſſemblage of Ideas, and*

" *Judgment in the ſeparating them*; I really believe the " Perſon, who can join them with the moſt Propriety, *will ſeparate them with the greateſt Nicety*. A " Metaphor from Mechaniſm, I think, will very plainly " illuſtrate my Thoughts on this Subject: For let a Machine, of any kind, be joined together by an ingenious " Artiſt, and I dare ſay, he will be able to take it apart " again: A Bungler, or an ignorant Perſon, perhaps, " may pull it aſunder, or break it to pieces; but to ſeparate it nicely, and know how to divide it in the right " Places, will certainly be the beſt performed, by the Man " who had Skill enough to ſet it together. But with " ſtrong Paſſions, and lively Imaginations, People may " ſometimes be led into Errors, although their Judgments " are ever ſo good; and when Perſons, who are eſteemed by the World to have Wit, are guilty of any Failing, all *the Envious* (and I am afraid they are too great " a part of the human Species) ſet up a general Outcry " againſt them."

DAVID, into whoſe Head not one envious Thought ever entered, could eaſily comprehend the Reaſonableneſs of what *Cynthia* ſaid, though he was at a Loſs for Examples of ſuch Behaviour, but was too well pleaſed with her Manner of talking, to interrupt her: And ſhe thus continued her Story:

" We had a young Couſin lived with us, who was " the Daughter of my Father's Brother, ſhe was the " oddeſt Character I ever knew; for ſhe certainly could " not be ſaid to have any Underſtanding, and yet ſhe had " one of the ſtrongeſt Signs of Senſe that could be: For " ſhe was ſo conſcious of her Defect that Way, that it " made her ſo baſhful, ſhe never ſpoke but with Fear " and Trembling, leſt ſhe ſhould make herſelf ridiculous. " This poor Creature would have been made a perfect " *Mope*, had it not been for me; for ſhe was the only " Perſon I ever ſubmitted to flatter. I always approved " whatever ſhe ſaid, and never failed aſking her Opinion, " whenever I could contrive to do it without appearing " to make a Jeſt of her. This was the higheſt Joy to " my Siſters, who thought that in this Inſtance, at leaſt, " they could prove my Want of Senſe, and their own

" *Superiority*;

" *Superiority*; for their Delight was in making a *Butt* of " this poor Girl, by *raillying*, as they were pleaſed to " term it, and putting her out of Countenance."

" PRAY, Madam (ſaid *David*) what is the Meaning " of making a Butt of any one?" *Cynthia* replied, " It " is ſetting up a Perſon as a Mark, to be ſcorned and " pointed at, for ſome Defect of Body or Mind; and " this without any Offence committed, to provoke ſuch " Treatment: Nay, on the contrary, it generally falls on " the Baſhful and Innocent; and when a poor Creature is " thus undeſervedly put to the Torment of feeling the " uneaſy Senſation of Shame, theſe *Railliers* exult in the " Thoughts of their own *Wit*. To be witty without ei- " ther Blaſphemy, Obſcenity, or Ill-nature, requires a " great deal more than every Perſon, who heartily de- " ſires the Reputation of being ſo, can come up to: But I " have made it my Obſervation, in all the Families I have " ever ſeen, that if any one Perſon in it is more remark- " ably ſilly than the reſt, thoſe who approach in the next " Degree to them, always deſpiſe them the moſt; they " are as glad to find any one below them, whom they may " triumph over and laugh at, as they are envious and angry " to ſee any one above them; *as Cowards kick and abuſe* " *the Perſon who is known to be a Degree more timorous* " *than themſelves, as much as they tremble at the Frown* " *of any one, who has more Courage.* Thus my Siſters al- " ways treated my Couſin as a *Fool*, while they upbraid- " ed me with being a *Wit*; little knowing, that if that " Term had any Meaning at all, when it is uſed by Way " of Contempt, they were the very People who deſerved " to be called ſo. For if I underſtand it, it is then uſed to " ſignify a Perſon who with but a very moderate Share of " Underſtanding, who from Affectation, and an inſatiable " Deſire of being thought witty, grows impertinent, and " ſays all the ill-natured Things he can think of. For my " part, I conceive all Manner of Raillery to be the moſt " diſagreeable Converſation in the World, unleſs it be " amongſt thoſe People, who have Politeneſs and Delica- " cy enough to rally in the Manner *La Bruyere* ſpeaks of; " that is, to fall only on ſuch Frailties as People of Senſe " voluntarily give up to Cenſure: Theſe are the beſt " Subjects to diſplay Humour, as it turns into a Compli-

" ment to the Perſon raillied, being a Sort of Inſinuation,
" that they have no greater Faults to be fallen upon.

" WHEN I was about ſixteen, I became acquainted
" with a young Lady, in whoſe Converſation I had the
" utmoſt Pleaſure; but I had not often an Opportunity
" of ſeeing her: For as ſhe too was fond of Reading, my
" Mother was frightened out of her Wits, to think what
" would become of us, if we were much together. I
" verily believe, ſhe thought we would draw *Circles*, and
" turn *Conjurers*. Every new Acquaintance we had in-
" creaſed my Siſters Averſion to me; for as I was gene-
" rally liked beſt, they were in a continual Rage at ſeeing
" I was taken ſo much Notice of. But the only Proof of
" their Senſe they ever gave me, was the being irritated
" more than uſual, at the Fondneſs which was ſhewn me
" by this young Woman: For ſince they could be ſo low
" as to be envious, there was more Underſtanding in be-
" ing ſo at my attaining what was really valuable, than at
" what was of no Conſequence, and gave me no other
" Pleaſure but finding it was in my power to give it;
" which was the Caſe with moſt of the People I con-
" verſed with.

" WHEN I was ſeventeen, my Mother died, and after
" that I got with more Freedom to my Companion; for
" my Father did not trouble himſelf much about me;
" he had given Way to my Mother's Method of educat-
" ing me, as indeed he always complied with her in every
" Thing; not that he had any extraordinary Affection for
" her, but ſhe was one of thoſe *Sort of Women*, who, if
" they once take any Thing in *their Heads*, will never *be*
" *quiet* till they have attained it; and as he was of a Diſ-
" poſition which naturally loved Quietneſs, he would
" ſooner conſent to any Thing than hear a Noiſe.

" ONE Day, at Dinner, my Father told me, *if I*
" *would be a* good Girl, *I ſhould be* married *very ſoon*. I
" laugh'd and ſaid, I hoped I ſhould ſee the Man, who
" was to be my Huſband, at leaſt an Hour before-hand.
" *Yes, yes*, replied he, *you ſhall ſee him Time enough*;
" *but it ſuffices I have an Offer for you, which I think to*
" *your Advantage, and I expect your Obedience; you know*
" *your Mother always obeyed me, and I will be Maſter of*
" *my own Family*. I really could hardly forbear laugh-

" ing

" ing in his Face; but as I thought that would be very " unbecoming in me to my Father, I turned the Diſcourſe " as faſt as poſſible. My Siſters both fell out a laughing; " one cried, *Oh! now we ſhall have fine Diverſion,* " Cynthia *will be a charming* Miſtreſs of a Family. *I* " *wonder which of her* Books *will teach her to be a* " Houſewife. *Yes,* ſays the other, *undoubtedly her Hus-* " *band will be mightily pleaſed, when he wants his Din-* " *ner, to find ſhe has been all the Morning diverting her-* " *ſelf with* Reading, *and forgot to order any; which I* " *dare ſay will be the Caſe.* I had now been ſo long uſed " to them, that what they ſaid gave me no Manner of " Concern, and I was ſeldom at the Trouble of anſwer- " ing them.

" THE next Day my Brother brought a Country Gen- " tleman home to Dinner with him, who was a perfect " Stranger to me: I did not take much Notice of him, " for he had nothing remarkable in him; he was neither " handſome nor ugly, tall nor ſhort, old nor young; he " had ſomething, indeed, of a Ruſticity in his Perſon; " what he ſaid, had nothing entertaining in it, either in a " ſerious or merry Way; and yet it was neither ſilly nor " ridiculous. In ſhort, I might be in Company with a " thouſand ſuch Sort of Men, and quite forget I had ever " ſeen them: But I was greatly ſurprized after Dinner, at " my Father's calling me out of the Room, and telling " me, *that was the Gentleman he deſigned for my Hus-* " *band; that he expected me to receive him as ſuch, and* " *he would take the firſt Opportunity to leave us together,* " *that my Lover might explain himſelf.* Which, as ſoon " as he could contrive it, he did, by ſending my Siſters " and Couſin, one after another, out of the Room, and " then withdrawing himſelf. I had ſo ridiculous an Idea " of being thus ſhut up with a Stranger, in order to be " made Love to, that I could not reſiſt the Temptation " of making a little Diverſion with a Perſon who appeared " to me in ſo deſpicable a Light. The Gentleman took " three or four Strides acroſs the Room, looked out of " the Window once or twice, and then turned to me, " with an *aukward* Bow, and an *irreſiſtable* Air (as I " fancy he thought it) and made me the polite Compli- " ment, of telling me, *that he ſuppoſed my Father had in-*

" *formed me that they two were agreed on a Bargain* I " replied, I did not know my Father was of any Trade, " or had any Goods to diſpoſe of; but if he had, and " they could agree on their Terms, he ſhould have my " Conſent; for I never interfered with any Buſineſs of " my Father's: And went on rattling a good while, till " he was quite out in his Catechiſm, and knew not what " to ſay. But he ſoon recollected himſelf; for he had all " the Aſſurance of a Man, who from knowing he has a " good *Fortune*, thinks he does every Woman an *Honour* " he *condeſcends* to ſpeak to; and *aſſured me, I muſt in-* " *terfere in* this *Buſineſs, as it more particularly con-* " *cerned me. In ſhort, Madam*, continued he, *I have* " *ſeen you two or three Times, altho' you did not know* " *it; I like your Perſon, hear you have had a ſober Edu-* " *cation, think it high Time to have an* Heir to my Eſ- " tate, *and am willing, if you conſent to it, to make you* " *my Wife; notwithſtanding your Father tells me he can't* " *lay you down above two thouſand Pounds. I am none* " *of thoſe nonſenſical Fools that can whine and make ro-* " *mantick Love, I leave that to* younger Brothers, *let my* " *Eſtate ſpeak for me; I ſhall expect nothing from you,* " *but that you will retire into the Country with me, and* " *take Care of my Family. I muſt inform you, I ſhall de-* " *ſire to have every Thing in Order; for I love good* " Eating and Drinking, *and have been uſed to have my* " *own Humour from my Youth, which, if you will ob-* " *ſerve and comply with, I ſhall be very kind to you, and* " *take Care of the* main Chance *for you and your Chil-* " *dren.* I made him a low Court'ſey, and thanked him " for the Honour he intended me; but told him, I had " no kind of Ambition to be his *upper Servant:* Though, " indeed, I could not help wondering, how it was poſſi- " ble for me to eſcape being charmed with his *genteel* " *Manner* of addreſſing me. I then aſked him how ma- " ny Offices he had allotted for me to perform, for thoſe " great Advantages he had offered me, of ſuffering me " to humour him in all his Whims, and to receive Meat, " Drink and Lodging at his Hands; but hoped he would " allow me ſome *ſmall Wages*, that I might now and " then recreate myſelf with my *Fellow-Servants.* In " ſhort, my Youth led me into indulging myſelf in a

" fooliſh

"foolish Ridicule, for which I now condemn myself.
"He grew angry at my laughing at him, and left me,
"saying, *he should let my Father know in what Manner I*
"*had used him*; *that I might very likely repent the refu-*
"*sing him*; *for such* Estates *as his were not to be met*
"*with every Day.*

"I COULD not help reflecting on the Folly of those
"Women who *prostitute* themselves *(for I shall always*
"*call it Prostitution, for a Woman who has Sense, and*
"*has been tolerably educated, to marry a Clown and a*
"*Fool)* and give up that Enjoyment, which every one who
"has Taste enough to know how to employ their Time,
"can procure for themselves, tho' they should be obliged
"to live ever so retired, only to know they have married
"a Man who has an Estate; for they very often have no
"more Command of it than if they were perfect Stran-
"gers. Some Men indeed delight in seeing their Wives
"finer than their Neighbours; which to those Women,
"whose whole Thoughts are fixed on fine Cloaths, may
"be a Pleasure; but for my part, I should in that Case
"think myself just in the Situation of the Horse, who
"wears *gaudy Trappings* only to gratify his *Master's Va-*
"*nity*, whilst he himself is not at all considered in them.
"I was certain I could live much more to my Satisfaction
"on the Interest of my own little Fortune, than I could
"do with subjecting myself to the Humours of a Man I
"must have always disliked and despised.

"I DON'T know how it was brought about, but this
"Man married my second Sister, and she took the other
"away with her; so that I was happily rid of them both.
"My Father was very angry with me for the present;
"but I thought that would be soon over, and did not at
"all doubt his being reconciled to me again. I now be-
"gan to flatter myself, that I should lead a Life perfectly
"suitable to my Taste; my Cousin was very fond of
"me, for I was the only Woman she ever met with, who
"had not shewn a Contempt for her. I carried her with
"me wherever I went, and had the Pleasure of seeing I
"was the Cause of her being happy. I conversed as much
"as I pleased with my beloved Companion, and *Books*
"*and Friendship shared my peaceful Hours.* But this
"lasted but a very short Time; for my Father, in the

" Heat of his Anger againſt me, made a *Will*, in which " he left me nothing; and before his Rage abated enough " for him to alter it, he died of an Apoplexy. As ſoon " as my Siſters heard of his Death, they hurried to " Town; when the *Will* was opened, and they found I " was excluded from having any Share in my Father's " Fortune, they triumphed over me with all the Inſolence " imaginable, and vented all their uſual Reproaches; " ſaying, *it was impoſſible but that a Perſon of my great* " Wit *and* Genius *muſt be able to provide for myſelf, they* " *did not doubt but I could ſhift very well without Mo-*" *ney*. Thus this unpardonable Crime of being thought " to have more Senſe than they had, was never to be for-" given; they ſtaid no longer in Town than while they " were ſettling their Affairs, and left me with but five " Guineas, which I happened to have ſaved out of my " Pocket-Money while my Father was alive. The young " Woman I have ſo often mentioned to you, was ſo ge-" nerous as to let me have all the little Money ſhe was " Miſtreſs of. I wiſh nothing ſo much as to ſee her " again; but while I was abroad, ſhe and her Brother " went from their Father's Houſe, on his bringing home " a Mother-in-law, and I cannot hear what is become of " them. Whilſt I was in this Situation my Lady ——, " with whom I had had a ſmall Acquaintance for ſome " Time, took ſuch a Fancy to me, ſhe invited me to " come and live with her; ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe loved me, " and I was ignorant enough of the World to think ſhe " did ſo. She was going abroad, and as I had a great " Deſire to ſee more Countries than my own, I propo-" ſed to myſelf a great deal of Pleaſure in going with " her: The only Regret I had, was in leaving my dear " Companion; but I was not in Circumſtances to refuſe " my Lady ——'s Offer.

" AND now I am come to the Concluſion of my Hiſ-" tory, whilſt I went under the Denomination of a *Wit*, " and am really quite tired of talking; but if you have a " Curioſity to know the reſt of my Hiſtory, and will fa-" vour me with your Company to-morrow, I will re-" ſume it." *David* aſſured her nothing could oblige him more, and in a little while took his Leave of her for that Night.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of CYNTHIA, *with an Account in what Manner ſhe was ſuddenly transformed from a Wit into a Toad-eater, without any viſible Change either in her Perſon or Behaviour.*

DAVID went exactly at the Time appointed the next Day; and after ſome little Diſcourſe, *Cynthia* went on with her Story as follows:

"I THINK I left off at my going abroad with my "Lady. My Couſin went home to live with her Mo- "ther; as they had but a ſmall Income to keep them, I "ſhould have been heartily glad if it had been in my "power to have increaſed it. I forgot to tell you, that my "Brother died at School, when he was fifteen; for he "had but a weakly Conſtitution, and the continual tor- "menting and whipping him, to make him learn his "Book (which was utterly impoſſible) had ſuch an Ef- "fect on the poor Boy, it threw him into a Conſumption, "of which he died. I ſhall not undertake to give you a "Deſcription of the Countries through which we paſſed; "for as we were only to make the Tour of *France* and "*Italy*, I ſuppoſe you have read a hundred Deſcriptions "of them already. The Lady I went with had ſome- "thing very amiable in her Manner, and at firſt behaved "to me with ſo much Good-nature, that I loved her "with the utmoſt Sincerity. I dwelt with Pleaſure on "the Thoughts of the Obligations I owed her, as I fan- "cied ſhe was generous enough to delight in conferring "them; and I had none of that Sort of *Pride, by Fools "miſtaken for Greatneſs of Mind*, which makes People "diſdain the receiving of Obligations: For I think the "only Meanneſs conſiſts in accepting, and not gratefully "acknowledging them. I had learned *French*, that is, I "had read ſome *French* Books with the Help of a Dictio- "nary, to ſatisfy my own Curioſity; for no Body had "ever taught me any Thing: On the contrary, I was "to be kept back as much as poſſible, for Fear I ſhould "*know too much*. But the little I had learned by myſelf, "helped me when I came into the Country, to talk it

"tolerably

" tolerably well. My Lady —— could not ſpeak it at " all, and as ſhe did not care to take much Pains while " we were at *Paris*, which was a whole Winter, we " herded moſtly amongſt the *Engliſh*.

" I WAS now in the Place of the World I had often " moſt wiſhed to go to, where I had every Thing in " great plenty, and yet I was more miſerable than ever. " Perhaps you will wonder what cauſed my Unhappi- " neſs; but I was to appear in a Character I could not " bear, namely, that of a *Toad-eater:* and what hurt " me moſt, was, that my Lady herſelf ſoon began to take " pains to throw me into it as much as poſſible."

DAVID *begged an Explanation of what ſhe meant by a* Toad-eater; *for he ſaid it was a Term he had never heard before.* On which *Cynthia* replied, " I don't " wonder, Sir, you never heard of it; I wiſh I had ſpent " my Life without knowing the Meaning of it: It is a " Metaphor taken from a Mountebank's Boy, who eats " Toads in order to ſhew his Maſter's Skill in expelling " Poiſon: It is built on a Suppoſition (which I am afraid " is too generally true) that People who are ſo unhappy " as to be in a State of Dependance, are forced to do " the moſt nauſeous Things that can be thought on, to " pleaſe and humour their Patrons. And the Metaphor " may be carried on yet farther; for moſt People have " ſo much the Art of tormenting, that every Time they " have made the poor Creatures they have in their power " *ſwallow a Toad*, they give them ſomething to expel it " again, that they may be ready to ſwallow the next " they think proper to prepare for them: That is, when " they have abuſed and fooled them, as *Hamlet* ſays, *to* " *the Top of their Bent*, they grow ſoft and good to them " again, on purpoſe to have it in their Power to *plague* " *them the more.* The *Satire* of the Expreſſion, in " Reality, falls on the Perſon who is mean enough to act " in ſo cruel a Manner to their Dependant; but as it is " no uncommon Thing for People to make Uſe of Terms " they don't underſtand, it is generally uſed by Way of " *Deriſion*, to the unfortunate Wretch, who is thrown " into ſuch a miſerable Situation.

" I RE-

"I REMEMBER once I went with my Lady——— "to viſit ſome *Engliſh* Ladies, where there happened to "be a great deal of Company: As we went out of "the Room, I heard ſome-body mention the Word "*Toad-eater*; I thought it was me they were ſpeaking "of, and dropt my Fan, for an Excuſe to make a Stop "at the Door; when I heard one Lady ſay to another, "— *What a* Creature it is! *I* believe ſhe *is* dumb, *for* "*ſhe has not ſpoke one Word ſince ſhe has been here*; *but* "*yet I don't diſlike to ſee her, for I love* Ridicule of all "Things, *and there is certainly nothing ſo* ridiculous "as a Toad-eater. I could not ſtay to hear any more; "but I deſpiſed both theſe Women too much to let it "be in their Power to give me any Pain, for I knew "by their Manner of talking they were *fine Ladies*; and "that is the Character in Life I have the greateſt Con-"tempt for."

DAVID *begged her to let him know what ſhe meant by fine Ladies.* On which ſhe replied, "Indeed, "Sir, you have impoſed on me the hardeſt Taſk in the "World: I know them when I meet with them; but "they have ſo little of what we call Character, that "I don't know how to go about the deſcribing them. "They are made up of *Caprice* and *Whim*; they *love* "and *hate*, are angry and pleaſed, without being able to "aſſign a Reaſon for any of theſe Paſſions. If they have "a *Characteriſtick*, it is *Vanity*, to which every Thing "elſe ſeems to be ſubſervient; they always affect "a great deal of *Good-nature*, are frighted out of "their Wits at the Sight of any Object in bodily Pain, "and yet value not how much they rack People's Minds. "But I muſt juſtify them ſo far as to ſay, I believe this is "owing to their Ignorance; for as they have no *Minds of* "*their own, they have no Idea of others Senſations.* "They cannot, I think, well be liable to the Curſe at-"tending *Eve*'s Tranſgreſſion, as they do not enjoy the "Benefit propoſed by it, of knowing *Good from Evil.* "They are ſo very *wiſe*, as to think a Perſon's being ig-"norant of what it is utterly impoſſible they ſhould know, "is a perfect Sign of *Folly*. *Congreve* ſeems to me to "have known them the beſt of any one: My Lady "*Wiſh-for't* at her Toilette is a perfect Picture of them,

"where

" where ſhe inſults over, and thinks herſelf *witty* on a " poor ignorant Wench, becauſe ſhe does not know what " ſhe has never been taught, or uſed to. That fine Ri- " dicule of the *Braſs-Thimble*, and the *Nutmeg jingling* " *in her Pocket*, with the Hands dangling like Bobbins, " is exactly their Sort of Wit; and then they never call " any one by their right Names, *Creatures*, *Animals*, " *Things*, all the Words of Contempt they can think of, " are what they delight in. *Shakeſpear* has made *Ham-* " *let* give the beſt Deſcription imaginable of them, in that " one Line which he addreſſes to *Ophelia*; ——— *Ye* " *liſp* —— *and ye amble*, —— *and ye nick name God's* " *Creatures*. An Expreſſion I never underſtood, till I " knew the World enough to have met with ſome of " thoſe Sort of Women. They are not confined to any " Station; for I have known, while the Lady has been " inſulting her Waiting-woman in the Dreſſing-Room, " the Chamber-Maid has been playing juſt the ſame " Part below Stairs, with the Perſon ſhe thought her " inferior, only with a ſmall Variation of Terms. But " I will dwell no longer on them; for I am tired of " them, as I have often been in Life.

" BUT this would have had no Effect on me, had " my Lady behaved well herſelf. To her Uſage was " owing all my Miſery; for by that Time I had re- " mained with her two or three Months, ſhe began to " treat me as a *Creature* born to be her *Slave*: whenever " I ſpoke, I was ſure to offend her; if I was *ſilent*, I was " *out of Humour*; if I ſaid any Thing in the ſofteſt " Terms, to complain of the Alteration of her Affection, " I was *whimſical* and *ungrateful*. I think it impoſſible " to be in a worſe Situation. She had raiſed my Love, by " the Obligations ſhe had confer'd on me, and yet con- " tinually provoked my Rage by her Ill-nature: I could " not for a great While any Way account for this Con- " duct: I thought, if ſhe did not love me, ſhe had no " Reaſon to give herſelf any Trouble about me; and " yet I could not think ſhe could have uſed one for " whom ſhe had had the leaſt Regard in ſo cruel a " Manner. At laſt, I reflected, it muſt be owing to a " love of *Tyranny*; and as we are born in a Country " where there is no ſuch Thing as public, legal Slavery,

" People

" People lay Plots to draw in others to be their Slaves, " with the Pretence of having an Affection for them: " And what is yet more unfortunate, they always chuſe " the Perſons who are leaſt able to bear it. It is the fierce " mettled Courſer (who muſt be brought to their Lure " by fawning and ſtroaking) that they love to wring, and " gird the Saddle on; whilſt the Mule, which ſeems " born to bear their Burdens, paſſes by them unheeded " and neglected. I was caught, like the poor Fiſh, " by the Bait which was treacherouſly extended for " me, and did not obſerve the *Hook* which was to " pierce *my Heart*, and be my Deſtruction. You can- " not imagine what I felt; for to be uſed ungratefully, " by any one I had confer'd Favours on, would have " been nothing to me, in Compariſon of being ill uſed " by the Perſon I thought myſelf obliged to. I was to " have no *Paſſions*, no *Inclinations* of my own; but was " to be turned into a Piece of Clock-work, which her " Ladyſhip was to wind up or let down, as ſhe pleaſed. " I had Reſolution enough to have borne any Conſe- " quence that might have attended my leaving her; but " I could not bear the Thoughts of even the Imputation " of Ingratitude; *for there are very few People, who* " *have any Notion of Obligations which are not pecu-* " *niary.* But, in my Opinion, thoſe Perſons who give " up their Time, and ſacrifice all their own Inclinations, " to the Humours of others, cannot be over-paid by any " Thing they can do for them. Men never think a Slave " obliged to them for giving him Bread, when he " has performed his Taſk. And certainly it is a " double Slavery to be made *ſervile* under the Pretence " of *Friendſhip*; for no Labour of the Body could have " been ſo painful to me, as the having my Mind thus " teazed and tortured. My *Wit*, which I had heard ſo " much of, was now all fled; for I was looked on in ſo " contemptible a Light, that no body would hearken " to me: The only Comfort I had, was in the Converſa- " tion of a *led Captain*, who came Abroad with a " Gentleman of my Lady's Acquaintance. There are " two Sorts of led Captains; the one is taken a Fancy " to by Somebody much above him, ſeated at his Supe- " rior's Table, and can *cringe and flatter, fetch and carry*

" *Nonſenſe*

" *Nonſenſe for my Lord*; thinking himſelf happy in be-
" ing thus admitted into Company, whom his Sphere of
" Life gives him no Pretenſions to keep. The other is
" a Sort of Male Toad-eater, who by ſome Misfortune
" in Life is thrown down below his proper Station, meets
" with a Patron who pretends to be *his Friend*; and who
" by that Means draws him in to be ſincerely his. This
" Gentleman's Caſe and mine were ſo much alike, that
" our greateſt Pleaſure was in comparing them; but I
" was much more aſtoniſhed at his Patron's Behaviour
" than at my Lady —'s, for altho' ſhe had a tolerable
" Underſtanding, yet it was not of that Sort, which
" would make one wonder at her Frailties. But he was
" remarkable for his Senſe and Wit, and yet could not
" forbear making this poor Gentleman feel all the Weight
" of *Dependance*. He was ſo inconſiſtent with himſelf,
" he could not bear he ſhould ſee his *Tyranny*, becauſe
" he was very *fond* of gaining every Body's Eſteem; not
" conſidering his Aim would have been loſt, if the other
" had not been ſenſible of his Behaviour: But becauſe
" he ſaw him uneaſy under it, he took a perfect Averſion
" to him. I have heard of a Gentleman, who would
" never go to another's Houſe, if he had ever ſo many
" Coaches and Six to carry him in, without Horſes of
" *his own*: ſaying, *the only Way to be treated well, was*
" *to ſhew People he had it in his Power to* leave them
" whenever he pleaſed. And I think he was perfectly
" in the Right; for melancholy Experience has taught
" me how miſerable it is to abandon one's Self to ano-
" ther's Power. But now to ſhew you the unaccountable
" Caprice of Human Nature, I muſt tell you, that this
" very Gentleman, who had thus *groaned* under the Af-
" fliction of another's uſing him ill, coming to an Eſtate
" which was entailed on him by a Couſin's dying with-
" out Children, became the greateſt *Tyrant in the World*;
" and kept a *led Captain*, whom he uſed much worſe than
" his former Patron had ever done him: And inſtead of
" avoiding the treating another in a Manner he himſelf
" had found ſo difficult to bear, he ſeemed as if he was
" reſolved to revenge his former Sufferings on a Perſon
" who was perfectly innocent of them.

" I

"I KNOW not to what Malignity it is owing, but I "have obſerved, in all the Families I have ever been ac- "quainted with, that one Part of them ſpend their "whole Time in oppreſſing and teazing the other; and "all this they do like *Drawcanſir*, only *becauſe they dare*, "and to ſhew their Power: While the other Part lan- "guiſh away their Days, in bemoaning their own hard "Fate, which has thus ſubjected them to the Whims and "Tyranny of *Wretches*, who are ſo *totally void of Taſte*, "*as not to deſire the Affection of the very People they ap-* "*pear willing to oblige.* It is late to-night; but if you "have a Curioſity to hear the Remainder of my Story, "to-morrow I will proceed.

DAVID, who never deſired any one to do what was the leaſt irkſome, took his Leave for that Evening, and returned the next Day, according to *Cynthia*'s own Appointment.

CHAP. VIII.

A Continuation of CYNTHIA's *Story.*

THE next Evening, after the uſual Civilities had paſſed between *David* and *Cynthia*, ſhe, at his Requeſt, went on with her Story.

"I SPENT the whole Time I was abroad in Miſery; "becauſe my Lady ——— choſe to ſee me *unhappy*, "and *ſighing* at her *Tyranny*, inſtead of viewing me al- "ways (which ſhe might have done) with *cheerful* "*Looks*, and a Countenance expreſſive of the moſt *grate-* "*ful Acknowledgments*, for owing a Life of *Eaſe* and "*Plenty* to her *Benevolence.*"

DAVID, whoſe only Pleaſure was in giving it others, was more amazed at this Account of my Lady ———'s Behaviour, than he would have been at the moſt ſurprizing Phænomenon in Nature: But he had ſo much Curioſity to know the End of *Cynthia*'s Story, that he would not interrupt her: And ſhe went on as follows.

"SINCE our Arrival in *England*, an Accident has "happened to me, which was as little thought on as "wiſh'd for. My Lady —— has a Nephew of about "ſeven-

" ſeventeen Years of Age, who after the Death of his " Father, will be Earl of ———, with a great Eſtate. " This young Man took ſuch a Fancy to me, that the " very firſt Opportunity he had of ſpeaking to me a- " lone, he made me a Propoſal of Marriage. This, is, " in my Opinion, a very odd Way of proceeding; but " it is not very uncommon amongſt Men who think " themſelves ſo much *above us*, that there is no Danger " of a Refuſal; and conſequently that they may be ex- " cuſed the *uſual Forms* on ſuch Occaſions. I was, at " firſt, ſo ſurprized, I knew not what to anſwer; but as " ſoon as I could recollect my Thoughts, and revolve in " my Mind the Situation I was in, I told him that I was " infinitely obliged to him, for his good Opinion of me; " but that as I lived in my Lady ——— 's Houſe, I " ſhould think myſelf guilty of the utmoſt *Treachery*, " to marry ſo near a Relation of her's without her Con- " ſent; and as in my Circumſtances I was not likely to " obtain that, I begged him to give up all Thoughts of " it. The more I refuſed him, the more earneſt he was " with me to comply: But while we were talking, my " Lady ——— entered the Room. I could not help " bluſhing and looking confuſed, and my Lord ——— " was as much ſo as myſelf. She has very penetrating " Eyes, and immediately ſaw ſomething extraordinary " had happened. However, ſhe ſaid nothing till my " Lord ——— was gone, when ſhe inſiſted on know- " ing the whole Truth, and was ſo very preſſing, that at " laſt I told it her; as I had done nothing I had any Rea- " ſon to be aſhamed of, but acted (as I thought) with great " *Honour* towards my Lady —— I had no Suſpicion, that " letting her know her Nephew liked me, could poſſibly " turn out to my Diſadvantage. But the Moment I " had complied with her Deſire, in openly declaring the " Cauſe of that Confuſion ſhe had obſerved in us both, " at her Entrance, ſhe flew into as great a *Rage*, as if " I had been guilty of the worſt of Crimes; talked in " her uſual Style, of my *Ingratitude*; ſaid, *It was a* " *fine Return for all her Kindneſs, to endeavour to draw* " *in her Nephew to marry me.* All I could ſay or do, " could not pacify her. She immediately ſent to my " Lord's Father, who carried his Son out of Town, and

" intends

" intends to ſend him abroad, in order to prevent his " ſeeing me any any more.

" AND now I am to be uſed ten Times worſe than ever " I was: But I ſhall not bear it much longer; for let the " Conſequence be what it will, I am ſure I cannot lead a " more unhappy Life than I do at preſent. I verily be- " lieve, if my Lord ——— was to marry *any other* " *Woman*, without a *Fortune*, it would not give her half " the Uneaſineſs; but to think that a Perſon, whom ſhe " has ſo long looked on as her *Subject*, ſhould have an " Opportunity of becoming her *Equal*, is more than ſhe " can bear. Thus, Sir, I am come to the End of my " Story: I wiſh there was any Thing more entertaining " in it; but your deſiring to know it, appeared to me " to ariſe from ſo much Good nature and Compaſſion " for the Afflicted, I could not refuſe to gratify your " Curioſity."

DAVID aſſured her, " if it was any Way in his " Power to ſerve her, he ſhould have the utmoſt Pleaſure " in doing it; and that if ſhe thought it proper to leave " my Lady ———, and go into a Lodging by herſelf, " he would ſupply her with whatever ſhe wanted: That " ſhe had no Reaſon to be afraid, that he ſhould upbraid " her with being *obliged* to him; for that, on the con- " trary, he ſhould be thankful to her for giving him an " Opportunity of being any Ways uſeful to a Perſon of " her *Merit*: For that he had obſerved the World in " general was ſo very mercenary, he could not help be- " ing at once pleaſed and ſurprized, to find a Perſon of " her Age, and in her Circumſtances, who had Re- " ſolution enough to think of refuſing any Offer that " was for her Advantage, from a Notion of Honour."

WHILST they were in this Diſcourſe, my Lady ——, who had altered her Mind, and did not ſtay out of Town as long as ſhe at firſt intended, returned Home. *David* thinking he might be troubleſome at her firſt coming off her Journey, ſoon retired, and the Moment he was gone, my Lady —— vented all the moſt ill-natured Reproaches on poor *Cynthia*, ſhe could think on; ſaying, " ſhe ſuppoſed, " now her Houſe was to be made the Receptacle for all " the *young Fellows* in Town:—That ſhe was ſure there

" muſt

" muſt be ſomething very *forward in her Behaviour*, " for it could not be her *Beauty* that drew Men after " her." — In ſhort, ſhe treated her as if ſhe had been the moſt *infamous* Creature alive; nor did ſhe ſcruple to do this before all the Servants in her Houſe. I ſuppoſe, beſides her natural Love of Tyranny, ſhe was one of thoſe Sort of Women, who, like *Venus* in *Telemachus*, loſe the Pleaſure of their numberleſs *Votaries*, if one Mortal eſcapes their Snares. Beſides, ſhe thought it inſupportable, that *a Wretch*, whom ſhe looked upon to be ſo much *below* her as *Cynthia*, ſhould have any Charms at all.

THE next Day, *David* went to ſee her again, and as my Lady ——— was gone to make a Viſit, he met with *Cynthia* alone: He found her diſſolved in Tears, and in ſuch an Agony, that ſhe was hardly able to ſpeak to him: At laſt, however, ſhe informed him in what Manner my Lady ——— had uſed her, becauſe he happened to be there when ſhe came Home. *David* begged her not to bear this Treatment any longer, but to accept his Offer; and aſſured her, he would both protect and ſupport her, if ſhe would give him leave. *Cynthia* was charmed with his generous Manner of offering to aſſiſt her, but ſaid, her Caſe was the moſt to be lamented in the World; for that if ſhe accepted what he with ſo much Good-nature offered her, it would be in my Lady ———'s Power (and ſhe was certain it would be in her Will) to make her infamous. But on an Aſſurance from *David*, that he would ſubmit to what Rules ſhe pleaſed, ſupply her with whatever ſhe wanted, and at the ſame Time deny himſelf even the Pleaſure of ſeeing her, if ſhe thought it proper, ſhe at laſt conſented, and they conſulted together the Method they ſhould take. They agreed that *Cynthia* ſhould leave a Place ſhe ſo much deteſted as the Houſe where ſhe then was, the next Day. But ſhe ſaid, ſhe would acquaint my Lady ——— with her Reſolution, that it might not look like running away from her: She was very ſenſible, ſhe muſt bear great Invectives and Reproaches; but however, ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be able to go through them, as ſhe hoped it would be the laſt Time.

DAVID

DAVID was to take her a Lodging, and ſend her word by ſome Woman, where it was, that ſhe might go to it without his appearing in the Affair. When they had ſettled every thing to their Satisfaction, he took his leave, that he might not be there when my Lady —— came home. Now the Anxiety was over, *for the Perplexity which is cauſed by not knowing how to act, is the greateſt Torment imaginable*; but as *Cynthia* had Reſolution, her mind was calmer and her Countenance more cheerful than it had been of ſometime. My Lady — deſigned that evening to uſe her very well, which ſhe generally did once a week or fortnight, as if ſhe laid a plot ſometimes juſt to give her a taſte for Pleaſure, only to make her feel the want of it the more. But when ſhe ſaw her look pleaſed, and on inquiry found that *David* had been there, her Deſigns were altered, and ſhe could not forbear abuſing her. But the moment ſhe began, *Cynthia*, inſtead of keeping her uſual Silence, intreated her to give her one quarter on an Hour's Attention; which after two or three Speeches, which my Lady —— thought *Witticiſms*, (ſuch as, *That what ſhe ſaid muſt be worth hearkening to*; *That may be, her new Gallant had put ſome freſh Nonſenſe in her Head*;) was at laſt obtained: When *Cynthia* began as follows.

"I CONFESS, Madam, you took me from *Poverty* "and *Diſtreſs*, and gave me *Plenty*; I own the Obliga- "tion, nor have I ever, even in my Thoughts, tried to "leſſen it. *The moment Pride makes any of us wiſh or* "*endeavour, by the Power of Imagination and Fallacy,* "*to loſe the Senſe of Favours conferred on us, all Gra-* "*titude muſt neceſſarily be at an end.* Had you behav- "ed to me, as I firſt flattered myſelf you intended, your "Ladyſhip in me might have a *willing Slave:* I ſhould "have thought my Life would have been but a ſmall Sa- "crifice, could any Intereſt of your's have required it. "Nay, I have already done more, I have given up my "Youth, the time which is the moſt valuable in Life, to "pleaſe all your *Whims*, and comply with all your *Hu-* "*mours.* You have choſe, that inſtead of looking on "you as my *generous Benefactreſs*, I ſhould find you "an *arbitrary Tyrant*: the Laws of *England* will not "ſuffer you to make *Slaves of Servants*, nor will I

"bear

" bear it any longer. I am certain, the meaneſt Perſon " in your Houſe has not gone thro' half what I have " done for *Bread*: And, in ſhort, Madam, here your " Power is at an end, to-morrow I ſhall take my leave of " you; I cannot help wiſhing you happy, but I muſt " own, I heartily hope you will never have any body " ſo much in your *Power* again."

My Lady, who had been uſed to be treated by every thing in her Houſe, (*her Huſband not excepted*) with the greateſt deference, ſwelled and reddened at this Diſcourſe of *Cynthia*'s, till at laſt, for want of Words to vent her Rage, ſhe *burſt into Tears*. *Cynthia*, whoſe Good-nature nothing could exceed, thinking this aroſe from my Lady's *Conſciouſneſs* of her own wrong Behaviour, was ſoftened, and threw herſelf at her Feet, aſked ten thouſand Pardons, ſaid, *if ſhe could have gueſſed the Effect what ſhe ſaid would have had on her, ſhe would ſooner have been for ever dumb, than have utter'd a Word to offend her*. But, alas! how was ſhe miſtaken? For as ſoon as my Lady —'s Tears had made way for her Words, ſhe fell upon her with all the moſt bitter *Invectives* ſhe could think of, and even deſcended ſo far as to forget her Quality, (*which was ſeldom out of her Thoughts*) and uſe the moſt vulgar Terms in order to abuſe her. *Cynthia* who had a great Averſion to all Broils and Quarrels, ſeeing her Paſſion was ſo high, ſaid no more, but let her rail on, till it was time to go to bed.

When *Cynthia* waked the next Morning, ſhe thought ſhe had now performed her Duty in informing my Lady— of her Deſign to leave her, and therefore *choſe* not to bear any farther Abuſes from her: ſo that as ſoon as *David*'s Meſſenger came, which was very early, ſhe went with her, without any more *Ceremony*, to the Lodging he had taken for her. And here, I doubt not, but the graver ſort of my Female Readers will be as ready to condemn *Cynthia* for taking ſuch a Step, and thus putting herſelf in the Power of a Man, with whom ſhe had ſo ſhort an Acquaintance, as my Lady — herſelf was. I do not pretend wholly to juſtify her; *but, without doubt, there are ſome Circumſtances in Life, where the Diſtreſs is ſo high, and the Mind in ſuch an Anxiety,*

Anxiety, that a Perſon may be pardoned the being thrown ſo much off their guard, as to be drawn into Actions, which, in the common Occurrences of Life, would admit of no Alleviation.

CYNTHIA herſelf, as ſoon as ſhe had time to reflect, ſuffered as much by the Conſideration of what ſhe had done, as ſhe did while ſhe was with my Lady —. She knew too much of the World, to be eaſily perſuaded that any Man could Act as *David* did by her, from *pure Friendſhip:* nor was ſhe, indeed, long left in doubt in this matter; for altho' he paid her all imaginable Reſpect, yet ſhe plainly ſaw that he liked her. This perplexed her more than ever; for it gave her very little Relief, to find his Deſigns were honourable, as in her Situation ſhe could not comply with them. For to confeſs the Truth, altho' I hope, ſhe would have acted the ſame part, with relation to her Refuſal of my Lord ———, had ſhe had no other Motive than Honour to induce her to it; yet ſhe had the additional Reaſon for it, of having from her Youth ſecretly liked and eſteemed a young Gentleman, with whom ſhe was then acquainted. At laſt, after many Reflections, and often revolving in her Mind which way ſhe ſhould act, ſhe fixed on a Reſolution of going into the Country to ſee her Couſin, a Perſon whom ſhe has often mentioned in the foregoing part of this Hiſtory.

DAVID, altho' it was with great Regret he parted with her, did not attempt to ſay any thing to diſſuade her from what he ſaw ſhe had ſo great an Inclination to; only inſiſted on her accepting Money enough to bear her Expences. This ſhe would not have done on any other Conſideration, but that of ſeeing he would be very uneaſy if ſhe refuſed him: And here, for the preſent, we muſt take our leave of *Cynthia*.

DAVID's ſtay with *Varniſh*, was but of ſmall duration; for altho' he was agreeably entertained, by continually hearing the Praiſes of all the Company they met with; yet he could not help obſerving that notwithſtanding the Appearance of Good nature which ſhewed itſelf in *Varniſh*, yet, in reality, he was not at all affected with others Sufferings. His Mother lived with him, and he ſhewed her ſo much Reſpect, and treated her

her with ſo much Complaiſance, that *David* at firſt thought he loved her with the greateſt Tenderneſs; but as this poor Woman was afflicted with the Stone and Gout, to ſuch a degree as often threw her into violent Agonies, it gave *David* an Opportunity of obſerving that in the midſt of her Groans, which often pierced *him* to the Soul, *Varniſh* preſerved his uſual *Serenity of Countenance*, nor did the *Gaiety* of his Temper fail him in the leaſt. This reminded him of the Character which *Spatter* had given him, *viz.* that he kept up an eternal Chearfulneſs, only becauſe he had none of thoſe Senſations which ariſe from Good nature; and made *David* reſolve not to live with a Man he could not eſteem; which was the point he was always aiming at: And altho' he had met with ſo many Diſappointments, he was not yet drove to Deſpair, but went on in his Purſuit.

CHAP. IX.

In which Mr. Simple *gave a freſh Proof, that he was not inſenſible of his Fellow Creatures Sufferings.*

MY Hero now had left *Varniſh*, and *Cynthia* was gone out of Town; ſo that he was to begin the World again. And the next fancy he took into his Head, was to dreſs himſelf in a mean Habit, take an ordinary Lodging, and go among the lower ſort of People, and ſee what he could make of them. He went from Houſe to Houſe for a whole Month; for as he was now got amongſt a Claſs of People, who had not had thoſe Advantages from Education, which teach Men the way of artfully diſguiſing their Diſpoſitions; whilſt he lived with them, he never imagined he had met with any thing he could eſteem. For mercenary Views there, were ſo immediately perceptible in every thing they all ſaid, or did, that he met with fewer Diſappointments in this way, than in any other. This gave him but a melancholy Proſpect; for he thought, if a Diſpoſition was naturally good, it would appear as well in the loweſt as in the higheſt Station.

As he was ſitting one Evening revolving theſe things in his Mind, he ſuddenly heard a great Scolding in a Female

Female Voice over his Head; which was ſo ſhrill, and continued ſo long in a Tone, that it gave him a Curioſity to know the meaning of it. He went up ſtairs into a Garret, where he ſaw a moſt moving Scene. There lay on a Bed (or rather on a parcel of Rags patched together, to which the Miſtreſs of the Houſe *choſe* to give the *Name* of a Bed) a young Man, looking as pale as Death, with his Eyes ſunk in his Head, and hardly able to breathe, covered with half a dirty Rug, which would ſcarce come round him. On one Side of him ſat holding him by the Hand a young Woman in an old Silk Gown, which looked as if it had been a good one; but ſo tattered, that it would barely cover her with Decency. Her Countenance was become wan with Affliction, and Tears ſtood in her Eyes, which ſhe ſeemed unwilling to let fall, leſt ſhe ſhould add to the Sorrow of the Man ſhe ſat by, and which, however, ſhe was not able to reſtrain. The Walls were bare, and broke in many places in ſuch a manner, that they were ſcarce ſufficient to keep out the Weather. The Landlady ſtood over them, looking like a Fury, and ſwearing, "ſhe would have her *Money*; that ſhe did "not underſtand what People meant by coming to lodge "in other Folks Houſes, without paying them for it: "ſhe had been put off ſeveral times, and ſhe could not "ſtay any longer."

DAVID was ſtruck dumb at this Scene; he ſtared at the Man on the Bed, viewed the young Woman; then turned his Eyes on the Landlady, whom he was ready to throw down ſtairs for her Cruelty. He was for ſome time diſabled from ſpeaking, by the Aſtoniſhment he was under. The young Woman, in a low Voice, interrupted with Sobs and Tears, begged the Landlady to have Patience; and promiſed, if ſhe ſhould ever be worth ſo much, ſhe would pay her double the Sum ſhe owed her; begged her no more to diſturb her Brother in his preſent Condition; but if he muſt die, that ſhe would ſuffer him to die in Peace. During the time ſhe was ſpeaking, *David*'s Tears flowed as faſt as her's; his Words could find no Utterance, and he ſtood motionleſs as a Statue. The Landlady replied immediately in a ſurly Tone, "*Brother!*—Yes it was very

" likely indeed, that any one would be ſo concerned for " *only a Brother:* and ſhe believed, if ſhe was to tell her " *Butcher* and *Baker*, ſhe would pay them, if ever ſhe " ſhould be worth the Money, ſhe muſt go *without* " *Bread* or *Meat*; ſhe could not think how Folks ima- " gined ſhe could live, unleſs ſhe was paid *her own.*"

DAVID now could hold no longer, but cried out, " Can any thing in human Shape perſecute Creatures in " the Miſery this young Man and Women are? What " do they owe you? I will pay you immediately, if you " will let them be quiet." As ſoon as the Woman heard ſhe was to have her Money, ſhe turned her furious Look and Tone into the mildeſt ſhe was capable off; made a low Courtſy, and ſaid, " ſhe was ſure no " one could think her unreaſonable in deſiring what was " *her Due*, ſhe aſked no more; and if the Gentleman " would promiſe to pay for it, ſhe would fetch them any " thing they wanted. For her part ſhe was as willing " to be as *obliging* as another." In ſaying this, ſhe left the Room.

THE young Woman ſtared for the ſpace of a Minute on *David*, with a Wildneſs which quite frightned him; at laſt ſhe got up, threw herſelf at his Feet, and ſaid, " She was ſure he was ſome Angel, who had put on a " human Form, to deliver her from the only Diſtreſs ca- " pable of affecting her in that manner; which was her " Brother's Illneſs, and her being totally void of a Ca- " pacity to help him."

DAVID, who was very much ſurpriſed at her Air and Manner, had no time then for Reflections, but only aſked her, what he ſhould get to refreſh them, and begged her to think of nothing at preſent, but how to recruit her's and her Brother's Spirits. She returned this Goodneſs with a Look that expreſſed more Thankfulneſs than all the pompous Words of laboured Eloquence could have done; " ſhe would not waſte a Moment, " before her Brother was taken care of; and therefore " deſired her Benefactor would get a Glaſs of Wine and " a Biſcuit for him: for I am ſure, ſays ſhe, it is a " great many Hours ſince the poor Creature has had " any thing."

DAVID,

DAVID, with his Heart ready to burſt, and his Eyes overflowing, ran down ſtairs, and made the Landlady (who was now as ſollicitous to oblige, as ſhe was before to be rude) ſend immediately for what they deſired; and when he had got it, ran up ſtairs with the utmoſt Joy. The young Woman took no Thought for herſelf, but uſed all her endeavours to make her Brother get ſomething down, to revive him: it was with great difficulty he could ſwallow; for his Weakneſs was ſo great, he could hardly move. He had not yet ſpoke; but at laſt, by the help of the refreſhment he had taken, he got Strength enough to ſay, "I hope, Sir, I ſhall live to ac-"knowledge your Goodneſs, though I am now utterly "unable to do it." He then turned to his Siſter, and begged her for God's ſake to drink ſomething herſelf; for he was certain ſhe muſt want it. He had not Strength enough to go on, but looked ſometimes at her, and expreſſed his Amazement at the unexpected Relief they had found. Sometimes he looked on *David* with an Air of Softneſs and Gratitude, in which our Hero's Senſibility read as much as any thing he could have ſaid. The poor young Woman, who had a long time ſtifled her own Sorrows, leſt ſhe ſhould add to her Brother's, found now ſuch a ſtruggle of Variety of Paſſions, labouring in her Mind at once; the Tenderneſs ſhe had for her Brother, the Joy which ſuddenly ruſhed on her, to ſee him a little relieved, and the Gratitude ſhe felt for her generous Benefactor, that it quite overcame her: ſhe was unable to ſpeak, or to refrain any longer from burſting into a Flood of Tears, which was the only means ſhe had left to expreſs her Thoughts.

DAVID, who had more of what *Shakeſpear* calls the *Milk of Human Kind*, than any other among all the Children of Men, perceived by her manner of Behaviour all that muſt paſs in her Mind, and was much leſs able to comfort her, than what is generally called a *good humoured* Man, would have been: for his Senſations were too ſtrong, to leave him the free Uſe of his Reaſon, and he ſtood ſome time without knowing what to do. At laſt, he recollected himſelf enough to beg her to dry her Eyes; ſaying, it would be the utmoſt Injury to her Brother, to continue in thoſe Agonies which ſee-

ing her in that Condition muſt unavoidably cauſe. That Thought immediately rouzed her, and ſuddenly ſtopt her guſhing Tears. As ſoon as ſhe grew a little calm, *David*'s Senſes began to return to him; and he aſked her, if ſhe thought her Brother would be able to bear a Chair, to carry him to ſome place where he might get what was decent, and be taken care of. He had indeed a Chamber below ſtairs, where every thing was clean, tho' in a very plain way, which he ſhould be welcome to have; but he ſuppoſed they would be willing to move from a place in which they had met with ſuch Treatment; beſides, there was not Room enough for them all; and he would not leave them till he ſaw them recovered from the Condition they were now in. On which ſhe replied, "that, indeed, that laſt Conſideration "weighed greatly with her; but as to the Treatment "they had met with, ſhe had learned from ſad Experi-"ence in the World, that good or bad Uſage was to be "had juſt according to the Situation any Perſon appear-"ed in, and that moſt People weighed the reſpect they "paid others very exactly in a Scale againſt the Money "they thought them worth, taking great care not to let "the one exceed the other." The Brother, who found himſelf revived, ſaid, "he was ſure he could bear be-"ing carried wherever *he* pleaſed; and that nothing "could make him ſuffer ſo much, as the being ſeparated "from *him*." On which, *David* preſently went out, got a good Lodging for them and himſelf, returned and paid the Landlady his and their Bills, (the whole of what ſhe had been ſo clamorous about, amounting only to the Sum of two Guineas.) He could not help reflecting with pleaſure, that this Woman had been a Loſer by her Cruelty and Ill-nature; for he had paid her whatever price ſhe aſked, and might have ſtayed with her ſome time, had it not been for this Accident.

DAVID ordered a couple of Chairs, put the two poor young Creatures into them, and followed them, to the Place he had provided for them; where, when they arrived, they were ſo faint, and worn out, that he ordered them immediately to be carried to their Beds, and they had ſomething warm prepared for them to take. But the mean Appearance they made, cauſed all the Peo-

People in the Houſe to ſtare with great Aſtoniſhment, wondering what they could be; neither would they ſhew them to their Beds, or get them any thing; till *David*, whoſe Dreſs, tho' it was but indifferent, was whole and clean, pulled out Money enough to convince them he could pay for any thing they had: For nothing but the ſight of the Money, could have got the better of that *Suſpicion* the firſt ſight of them had occaſioned. The next thing *David* thought on, was to ſend for a Phyſician, to endeavour to reſtore theſe miſerable Wretches to Health. When the Doctor came, and had ſeen his Patients, he told *David* in a great many Words, too learned for me either to underſtand or remember, that from the Perturbation of Mind the young Woman had ſuffered, ſhe was in great danger of a Fever; and that the Man was ſo exceſſively weak, it would be ſome time before he could be reſtored: But he would immediately order ſomething for them to ſleep, and was in hopes of ſetting them up again.

DAVID took care of every thing for them; and as ſoon as they had taken the Doctor's Preſcription, left them with proper People to attend them, and retired into his own Chamber. His head was filled with the Thoughts of what he had ſeen that Day; nor could he imagine what theſe two young People could be: he was certain by their manner and Behaviour, they could not have been bred in very low Life; and if they had, he thought it ſtill a ſtronger proof of their Senſe, that they could ſo much get the better of the want of Education, as to be able, notwithſtanding that Diſadvantage, and the Diſguiſe of their Dreſs, to ſhow, in every Word and Geſture, a Delicacy which could not be ſurpaſſed by the beſt bred Perſons in the World.

DAVID got up very early the next Morning to inquire for them; he heard they were both faſt aſleep, and had been ſo all Night. This News gave him the greateſt Pleaſure imaginable; he ſent out and bought them decent Cloaths, to put on when they got up: And as ſoon as he heard the young Man was awake, he went into his Room, and was ſurprized to find ſuch an Amendment. The moment the ſick man ſaw him, he ſaid, "Sir, your Goodneſs has worked a Miracle on me,

" for it is ſo long ſince I have lain in a place fit for a Hu-
" man Creature, that I have ſeemed in Heaven to Night.
" I have had no Diſtemper on me for ſome time, but a
" Weakneſs occaſioned by a Fever, and the want of
" Neceſſaries had brought me to the Condition you found
" me in: I am ſtill faint and low, but don't in the leaſt
" doubt ſoon to get the better of it. I hear my poor
" Siſter is not yet awake; no wonder, the good Creature
" has ſat up with me a great many Nights, and has had
" no Suſtenance but a bit of dry Bread: Nature muſt be
" worn out in her, but I hope with the Bleſſing of God,
" this ſleep will refreſh her."

DAVID then told him, if he was able to riſe that Day, he had prepared ſome Clothes fit for him to put on, and likewiſe for his Siſter; which he had already ſent by the Maid, to be in readineſs for her againſt ſhe waked. What this poor Creature, whoſe Heart was naturally tender and grateful, felt at ſeeing himſelf loaded with Benefits from a Stranger, I leave to the imagination of every Reader, who can have any Senſe of Obligations; and thoſe who have none, I am ſure muſt think enough of Trifles, to imagine he muſt be pleaſed, after being ſome time in Rags, to have whole Clothes to put on.

As ſoon as the young Woman opened her Eyes, ſhe got up, and dreſſed herſelf in the things that *David* had ſent her, and then came to ſee her Brother. She looked very pale and weak, but very beautiful; her whole Perſon was exactly formed, and genteel to Admiration; her Rags could not totally diſguiſe her, but now ſhe was clean ſhe made a moſt charming Figure. The meeting between the Brother and Siſter was with the greateſt Joy, to ſee each other ſo much better than they had been; and *David*'s Pleaſure was perfectly equal with either of theirs, in the Thoughts that he was the Cauſe of it. He took ſuch care of them, that a little time perfectly recovered them, and they lived together in the moſt agreeable manner: Sometimes they would ſay, as they had not a Farthing in the World, they were ſo much aſhamed to be ſuch a Burthen to him, they could not bear it. *David* deſired them to be eaſy, for he could not ſpend his Money more agreeably to himſelf than in ſup-

ſupplying People who had the Appearance of ſo much Merit —— — Indeed it was true; for there was ſuch an open Simplicity in their Manner, and ſuch a Goodneſs of Heart appeared in their Love to each other, as would have made any one leſs credulous than Mr. *Simple* have a good Opinion of them; and they had both ſuch a Strength of Underſtanding, as made them the moſt delightful Companions in the World.

DAVID longed to know their Story and yet was afraid to aſk it, leſt by that means he ſhould diſcover ſomething in their Conduct which would leſſen his Eſteem for them; beſides, he was afraid they might not care to tell it, and it would look like thinking he had a right to know what he pleaſed, becauſe they were obliged to him; a Thought, which he would have utterly deteſted himſelf for, could it once have entered into his Head. He began to feel for *Camilla*, (for ſo we ſhall call the young Woman for the future) ſomething more ſoft than Friendſhip, and more perſuaſive than common Compaſſion: for although *Cynthia* appeared to be a Perſon perfectly deſerving of his Eſteem, which was what he had a long time ſought for, and he really very much admired her; yet there was ſomething which more nearly touched his Heart in this young Woman, and immediately cauſed him to loſe all Regret on account of the other's refuſing him; and as he was not at all ſuſpicous in his Nature, he never entertained any Notion of what the Landlady hinted at, as if her Companion was not her Brother. For as he was capable of the ſtrongeſt Affection, without the mixture of any Appetite with it, he did not doubt but others might be ſo too, though it is a thing ſome *few People* in the World ſeem to have no Notion of. He lived in a continual Fear, leſt ſhe might not turn out as he wiſhed her: He as yet ſaw nothing but what he approved; but as he had been ſo often deceived, he was afraid of providing for himſelf thoſe Sorrows he had already felt by too forward a Credulity.

HOWEVER one Evening, as *David* and *Camilla* were ſitting together, *Valentine* (for that was the Brother's Name) having walked out for the Air, he reſolved to aſk her to let him into her Hiſtory; which he did with the

greateſt Caution and Reſpect, leſt ſhe ſhould be offended at his Requeſt. She told him, "ſhe ſhould already have related "it to him, but that there was nothing entertaining in it; "on the contrary, ſhe feared from the Experience ſhe had "had of his Good-nature, in might raiſe very uneaſy "Senſations in him; but as he deſired it, ſhe ſhould "think it unpardonable in her not to comply: Only "whenever her Brother came in, ſhe muſt leave off, not "being willing to remind him of ſome Scenes, which ſhe "uſed her utmoſt Art to make him forget." *David* told her, "he would not for the World have her do any thing "to give either herſelf, or Brother, a Moment's Pain." She then proceeded to relate what will be ſeen in the following Chapter.

CHAP. X.

The Hiſtory of CAMILLA.

THE Taſk I have undertaken, Sir, cannot be performed without Interruptions from the Remembrance of paſt Sorrows; but I make no Queſtion, you will be ſo good as to pardon my Weakneſſes. Nay, from what I have obſerved of your Diſpoſition, I believe you will ſympathize with me in my Griefs. I am the Daughter of Mr. ———, a Man very well known in the World from many extraordinary Actions he has performed; his Reputation for Senſe, and Courage, are equal.

I SPENT my Infancy from the Time I can remember, very different from what moſt Children do; it being the uſual Method of moſt of the wiſe Parents I have ever ſeen, to uſe their Little-ones in ſuch a Manner, as if they were laying Plots to procure their hearty Averſion to the End of their Lives; but my Father uſed to ſay, that as he lived in a Country where *Chriſtianity* was profeſſed, there was no Danger his Poſterity would ever be *Slaves*. He therefore would never uſe them to the Thoughts of Whips and Rods; nor on any Account have them terrified into an Action by ſervile Fears. Indeed he often added, that we did not ſcruple buying and ſelling *Slaves* in our Colonies; but then we took care not to convert them to our Faith, for it was not lawful to make

make Slaves of Chriſtians. My Mother was a very good-natured Woman, and ſhewed her Judgment, in always ſubmitting to my Father; ſo that my Brother and I paſſed our Childhood in all the Happineſs that State is capable of enjoying; and the only Puniſhment we ever had for any Fault, was that of being ſent from our Parents Sight, which made us more afraid to offend than any Thing elſe could poſſibly have done: For we ſoon became ſo fond of our kind Indulgers, that our chief Pleaſure was to prattle round them, and ſee them delighted with our little childiſh Remarks. When we aſked any Queſtions, we were never bid to be ſilent, nor called impertinent; but informed and inſtructed in every Thing we were deſirous to know. This Encouragement heightened our Curioſity, and we were in a Manner led into a Knowledge beyond our Years. We loved each other with a perfect Fondneſs; there was no Partiality ſhewn to either of us; nor were we ever told, if we did not do right, the other ſhould be loved beſt, in order to teach us to *envy*, and conſequently to *hate* each other.

WHEN *Valentine* was nine, and I was eight Years old, he was ſent to a public School. It was with great Difficulty theſe fond Parents were induced to part with him; but they thought it was for his Good, and had no Notion of indulging themſelves at his Expence. Their Grief at this Separation was ſomewhat recompenſed by the Sorrow we both expreſſed at parting, as they thought it a Proof of that Love for one another, which they had made it their Study to cultivate, and which they hoped would be uſeful to us throughout our Lives. I was too young to conſider any other Good than the preſent Pleaſure, and was for ſome Time inconſolable; but my Father and Mother's Goodneſs, who endeavoured all they could to comfort me, told me they had only ſent *Valentine* away for his own Profit, that he might be the happier Man, at laſt intirely pacified me: We heard from him once a Week, and I then lived in a Situation, I think, the moſt deſirable in the World; I am ſure I have often eſteemed it ſo ſince, and wiſhed to live it over again. This Life continued till I was twelve Years old, when all my Tranquillity was interrupted by a fatal Accident, which has never been out of my Thoughts

twenty-four Hours ſince it happened, and which I can never mention without the moſt piercing Grief.

ONE Morning, as my Mother and I were walking in the Fields (as was our Cuſtom an Hour before Breakfaſt) a Thorn ran into her Foot, which put her into the moſt violent Pain, inſomuch that ſhe was unable to ſtir. As we were alone, I knew not what to do to help her: I ſaw her turn as pale as Death, and look ready to faint away; this threw me into intolerable Agonies, and I fell a ſcreaming ſo loud, that I was heard by ſome labouring Men, who were at plough in a Ground not far from the Place where we were. They immediately came to our Aſſiſtance: I deſired them to take one of their Horſes, and contrive if they could to carry my Mother home; we were not above a Quarter of a Mile diſtant, ſo that one of the Men made a ſhift, as ſhe was a little Woman, to carry her before him. It would be in vain to attempt to deſcribe what my Father (who loved her very affectionately) felt at this Sight.

WE rubbed her Foot with ſome Spirits, and in a little Time ſhe ſeemed to be eaſy, and went about the Houſe only a little limping, without any great Complaint, for four Days; at the End of which ſhe began to be very uneaſy. We preſently looked at her Foot, the Point of the Thorn was juſt viſible; all around it was very much ſwelled, and in the Middle was a great black Spot: We neither of us had Skill enough to pull out the Thorn, and our Hands trembled at the very approaching her.

WE therefore diſpatched a Meſſenger with the utmoſt Speed to fetch a Surgeon: When he arrived, and had pulled out the Thorn, I who obſerved his Looks, ſaw he ſhook his Head, and ſeemed to fear ſome terrible Conſequence. My Mother, who had a Reſolution not to be ſtaggered by any Event, begged of him to let her know the worſt of his Thoughts; for ſhe ſaw he apprehended ſomething very bad. The Surgeon ſaid, indeed, he had great Reaſon to fear, that nothing but the immediate Loſs of her Foot could ſave her Life. At firſt, ſhe ſaid ſhe had much rather die; but on my Father's Perſuaſions (in whoſe Power it was to bring her to any thing) ſhe conſented: But the Operation threw her into Agonies, which cauſed ſo high a Fever, as could not be got

the

the better of by all the Means that were uſed. She kept her Senſes to the laſt: My Father and I never left her, but ſat by her Bed-ſide as long as ſhe had any Signs of Life. As ſhe knew our Sufferings, and that loſing her was as much as we were able to bear, ſhe avoided ſaying any Thing tender, leſt ſhe ſhould add to our Sorrows; but in her Looks we read what any one, who had leſs Conſideration, and yet had a Mind capable of feeling, would have ſaid. We ſaw her ſtruggling with herſelf to keep down, and prevent the Utterance of what was always uppermoſt in her Thoughts, her Tenderneſs for her Huſband and Children. Only one Day, when I was left alone with her, ſhe went ſo far as to ſay, "*Camilla*, "make it the Buſineſs of your Life to obey and pleaſe "your Father: If you ſhould live to ſee him an old "Man, return him that Care by which he has ſupport-"ed your Infancy: Cheriſh your Brother's Love. Don't "remember me to afflict yourſelf; but only follow my "Example in your Behaviour to the Man who has been "ſo good to us both." She ſaw me ready to burſt, and ſaid no more; but ſoon after expired, without ever ſhewing the leaſt Emotion of Fear: She look'd forward with Pleaſure inſtead of Terror, and died with the ſame Reſolution of Mind, which had conducted her through all the various Scenes of this Life.

THUS I loſt the beſt of Mothers, and from her Loſs I date all the Miſeries of my Life. My Father at firſt was like one diſtracted; but as ſoon as the firſt Sallies of his Grief were abated, his good Senſe came in to his Aſſiſtance; and by the Help of the many Arguments his Underſtanding ſuggeſted to him, he calmed his Mind, and in a great Meaſure overcame his Affliction; though, like *Macduff, he could not but remember ſuch Things were, and were moſt dear to him:* Yet he bore the common Fate of Mortals, of loſing what they are fond of, with true Greatneſs of Mind, of which no Man had a larger Share. I was too young to be ſo philoſophical; the only Motive I had to command myſelf, was the Fear of hurting my Father: And that indeed was ſufficient to make me do or ſuffer any Thing; for I loved him with inexpreſſible Fondneſs, and did not want the Addition of my Mother's laſt Command to make me obey him; for it was

all

all the Pleaſure I had in Life. He had no Occaſion to tell me what to do, for I watched his very Looks, by them found out his very Will, and in the performing it employed all my Time. I reſolved never to marry, for it was impoſſible for me to change my Situation for a happier; for, in my Opinion, to live with any one we love, and find that every Action we do is pleaſing to them, is the Height of human Felicity.

MY Brother continued to write to us, and I had the Satisfaction of hearing he was in Health; and found, by all his Letters, his Affections were as ſtrong to me as when we were in our firſt Infancy. He would ſometimes ſend for Money a little faſter than my Father thought convenient; upon which he would ſay to me, "This "Brother of yours is ſo extravagant, I don't know how "I ſhall do to ſupport him." But I have ſince thought this was only done to try me, and to hear me plead for him, which I always did with all the little Rhetoric I was Miſtreſs of; ſo that by this Means he contrived to give me the utmoſt Pleaſure, in letting me believe I procured my Brother what he wanted. So indulgent was this Parent, that he uſed every Art he was Maſter of, to give me all the pleaſing Senſations that ariſe from Generoſity and Delicacy.

As I conſtantly lived with him, and was ſollicitous in my Attendance on him, though he was very impartial, yet I believe I was ſomething his Favourite; but I always made Uſe of that Favour rather for my Brother's Advantage than my own. I have heard of Women living at home with their Fathers, and uſing all Kinds of Art to make them hate their Brothers, in Hopes by that Means to better their own Fortunes; but to me it is ſurpriſing, for I could never have forgiven myſelf, if I could once have reflected that I had ever done my dear *Valentine* any Injury, or omitted any Opportunity of ſerving him. I lived on in this State, in which I had nothing to wiſh but my Mother alive again, nor any Thing to regret but her Loſs.

I HAD a Companion in a young Woman in the Neighbourhood, who had more Wit and Vivacity than any Woman I ever knew; and we ſpent our Time, when my Father was in his Study, or gone abroad, in little innocent Amuſe-

Amuſements ſuitable to Girls of our Age. In this Manner did I live till I was eighteen: Happy had it been for me, if my Life had ended there; I ſhould then have eſcaped all thoſe Scenes of Miſery I have ſince ſuffered. I loſt my Companion; for her Father dying, and leaving her in bad Circumſtances, ſhe went to live with a Lady of Faſhion, who took a great Fancy to her. This was ſome Uneaſineſs to me; however, I could not be miſerable while my Father was happy and fond of me.

BUT on a ſudden I obſerved he turned quite thoughtful and melancholy: I grew uneaſy at it, and took the Liberty one Day to aſk him the Cauſe of it; and begged, if I did any Thing he diſliked, he would let me know it, that I might take care to avoid it for the future. He looked at me with an Air of the greateſt Tenderneſs, and ſaid, "My dear Child, how can you ſuſpect that you ever of-"fend me? No! I am more and more pleaſed every Day "with your Conduct, which is much above what I ever "ſaw in a Perſon of your Years; nay, indeed, a Man of "the greateſt Underſtanding would not be aſhamed of "your CONVERSATION." I cannot deny but this Acknowledgment from one of his Judgment, had ſome Effect on my Vanity; but I can ſincerely ſay, that the greateſt Joy I had in it, was owing to the Thoughts of my Father's Partiality, and Fondneſs for me. "No, on the "contrary, continued he, my Love of you is the Cauſe "of my Uneaſineſs; for I have let a Paſſion unawares "ſteal on me, which I am afraid will be to your Diſad-"vantage; for although with Oeconomy I am able to "ſupport you and your Brother in a tolerable Manner, "yet my Fortune is not large; and if I ſhould marry, "and have an Increaſe of Family, it might injure "you."

"THE Object of this Paſſion is *Livia*, the Daughter "of ——: Her Fortune muſt be ſmall; for almoſt all "the Eſtate in the Family is gone to the eldeſt Son; who, "as he is married, and has Children of his own, cannot "be expected to do much for her." I was overcome with this Goodneſs, and deſired him not to have any Conſideration for me; and as for my Brother, I was certain that his Sentiments would concur with mine, in giving up every Thing to his Father's Happineſs, and I would by all Means

Means have him gratify his Paſſion; for I ſhould hate myſelf, if I thought I was a Burthen, rather than a Pleaſure to him. That if we lived on leſs, we might be contented; which it was impoſſible for us to be, whilſt he was uneaſy. During the Time I was ſpeaking, I ſaw the moſt lively Joy in his Eyes: He was happy that I approved his Paſſion, and I, to find what I ſaid was agreeable to him.

THE next Day he ſent for me into his Chamber, and told me, he had been thinking on what I ſaid concerning the Reaſonableneſs of his indulging himſelf with Reſpect to *Livia*: He really *believed I was in the right*; that he had turned it in his Mind every Way, and found, that as he could not be eaſy without her, it would be more for all our Advantages that he ſhould have her. In ſhort, he preſently proved, that the *moſt prudent*, and *wiſeſt Thing* he could do, was to *marry her*. It was no hard Matter for him to make me believe whatever he pleaſed; for I had ſo implicit a Faith in what he ſaid, that his bare Aſſertion was to me the ſtrongeſt Proof. But I have often ſince reflected, that it is a great Misfortune that a good Underſtanding, when it is accompanied with a very ſtrong Imagination, only makes People judge right, where their Inclinations are not concerned; but when once any violent Paſſion interpoſes, it ſerves only to hide and gloſs over all bad Conſequences that attend the Gratification of that Paſſion, and removes Difficulties out of the Way, to a Man's own Deſtruction; which a Perſon of leſs Senſe, and a cooler Fancy, would never be able to accompliſh: For Strength of either Mind or Body, is uſeful only as it is employed. But I aſk Pardon, Sir,—for troubling you with my Remarks, and will proceed in my Story, if you are not tired with it.

"*DAVID* begged her not to be afraid of that; for, "by what he had heard already, he was but the more "curious to know what remained; and as to her Re- "marks, he deſired her always to tell him what ſhe felt "and thought on every Incident which befel her; for no- "thing could give him greater Pleaſure, as he was ſure, "by what ſhe had hitherto expreſſed, her Sentiments "were juſt on all Occaſions." *Camilla* thanked him for the favourable

favourable Conſtruction he put on her Thoughts, and reſumed her Story.

My Father then told me, he would ſend for my Brother home, for he had now finiſhed his Studies; and he knew nothing would be ſo agreeable to us both as to be together: His Melancholy was diſperſed, the Struggle was over; he had fixed it in his Mind, it was right for him to do what his Inclination prompted him to, and I was perfectly ſatisfied with it; for a Cloud on his Countenance was the greateſt Pain I could ſuffer: And now I ſaw him chearful, I thought that Chearfulneſs could not be bought too dear. *Valentine* came home immediately on my Father's Summons, and his Sentiments all perfectly agreed with mine.

My Father introduced me to *Livia*, and we ſoon became intimate; ſhe appeared very fond of me, and I found her ſo agreeable, that I was inclined to like her as much as my Father could wiſh. He aſked me my Opinion of her; I told him, I thought ſhe ſeemed a reaſonable Woman, and I did not doubt but ſhe would make a very good Wife, and be contented to live in the Manner his Circumſtances could afford. He replied, with a ſort of Extaſy, that if he had wanted any Proofs of my Judgment, what I had now ſaid of *Livia* could not fail of *convincing him* of it. Although he was near fifty, yet was his Perſon very agreea le; and he had ſuch an eternal Fund of Entertainment in his Converſation, that all the World coveted his Company. It was no Wonder *Livia* was pleaſed with his Addreſſes, and withſtood them no longer than was juſt neceſſary to keep up the Ceremonies appointed by Cuſtom for Women in ſuch Caſes, when they were married to the entire Satisfaction of all Parties. *Valentine* paid his Mother the Reſpect due to her; and, for my Part, I really liked *Livia* from Inclination: But, as I found ſhe was the Object which gave the greateſt Pleaſure to the Man in the World I moſt loved, and to whom I owed all the Duty I was capable of paying, I thought I could never do enough to oblige her. My Father grew every Day fonder and fonder of his Wife; and now, Sir, I believe you will think the Happineſs of this little Family could admit of no Addition.

I THOUGHT ſo at that Time, and if the Opinion I then had of *Livia* could have been ſupported with any Colour of Reaſon, I ſhould never have known a Wiſh beyond what I then enjoyed. But perhaps, Sir, if you have not had a great deal of Experience in the World, you may be yet to learn, that there are Women, who, in order to prove their *Love* to *their Huſbands*, take an utter *Averſion* to *every Thing* that *belongs to them*. This was my unhappy Caſe: the Woman whom I thought my beſt Friend, from the Moment ſhe became my Mother, turned my Enemy, *only* becauſe my Father was fond of me; for I am certain ſhe never had any other Reaſon for a Conduct like her's.

THE firſt Step ſhe took, was to aſſume an Air of forced Civility, inſtead of that Familiarity, which, from the Beginning of our ſhort Acquaintance, we had been uſed to treat each other with, and throw me at a Diſtance; for, as *Shakeſpear* ſays, "When hot Love grows cold, "it uſeth an enforced Ceremony." But in this ſhe for ſome Time loſt her Aim; for I knew ſo little of the World, I took it for a Mark, that ſhe was reſolved, as ſhe was got into a Character in Life ſo much hated (and, I am afraid, too often deſervedly) as that of a Mother-in-Law, that the World ſhould ſay ſhe paid me rather more, than leſs Reſpect than before. I was not ſo well pleaſed with this Behaviour as I ſhould have been, had ſhe continued her former Manner; but however, as I miſtook the Motive of her Actions, I did not eſteem her the leſs.

BUT this did not laſt long, ſhe went on from one Thing to another; till it was impoſſible, with all my Partiality for her, to be deceived any longer; and I ſhall never be aſhamed to own, it was with great Difficulty my Eyes were opened enough to ſee her in the true Light: for I ſhall always eſteem young People, who are apt to be ſuſpicious, incapable of poſſeſſing any real Goodneſs. They may, if they pleaſe, boaſt their Judgment; but I cannot help imputing it more to the Badneſs of their Hearts, than to the Goodneſs of their Heads.

DAVID, who never ſuſpected any Body without the ſtrongeſt Proofs, very much applauded *Camilla*'s Judgment,

Judgment, and concurred with her in her Sentiments. And ſhe proceeded as follows.

YOU will be amazed, Sir, to find all the Guile and Cunning this Woman made uſe of, to make me and *Valentine* hated by my Father. I ſuppoſe it muſt be, becauſe ſhe thought her Intereſt incompatible with ours; and that the only Way to ſpend all her Huſband's Fortune, was to make him believe we were his greateſt Enemies. She was quite different from the Opinion I had formed of her; for, inſtead of being contented with what my Father could afford, ſhe never thought any Thing extravagant enough; buying Jewels, going to publick Places, every Thing that was to ſpend the moſt Money, was her chief Delight; and the only Article in which ſhe ever thought of ſaving, was in denying my Brother and me what we wanted. But this ſhe never did openly; for whatever was propoſed for us, ſhe always came very gladly into. The Method ſhe took to diſappoint us, was, that by her Conduct, Money ſoon became very ſcarce; for ſhe ſpent all he could procure, and by that Means we were obliged to go without it. She would condeſcend to ſuch mean Arts, that had I not been Witneſs of it, I could not have believed any human Creature could have been capable of them. I have known her ſeveral Times bring in Bills to my Father, where ſhe has ſet down Things for us we never had, in order to make him think ſhe had a great Affection for us, that he might eſteem her the more; and when to our Generoſity ſhe owed the Succeſs of her Schemes, for we neither of us would diſcover any Thing to make my Father uneaſy, ſhe then exulted in the Thoughts of her great Senſe, and applauded her own Underſtanding: for ſhe was wiſe enough to miſtake a low Cunning, and ſuch little mean Arts, as People who had any Underſtanding could never ſubmit to, for Senſe. I ſoon found out that all the Softneſs and Tenderneſs I once imagined her poſſeſſed of, was entirely owing to her Perſon; the Symmetry and Proportion of which gave ſo pleaſing an Air to every Thing ſhe ſaid or did, that nothing but Envy could have prevented her Beholders from being prejudiced in her Favour.

I OFTEN thought, could ſhe have beheld herſelf in the Goddeſs of Juſtice's Mirror of Truth, as it is deſcribed in that beautiful Viſion in the *Tatler*, ſhe would have loathed and deteſted, as much as now ſhe admired herſelf. Her fine Cheſnut-brown Hair, which flowed in natural Ringlets round her Neck, was it to have repreſented the Strings that held her Heart, muſt have become as harſh and unpliable as the ſtiffeſt Cord: Her large blue Eyes, which now ſeemed to ſpeak the Softneſs of a Soul replete with Goodneſs, had they on a Sudden, by the irreſiſtible Power of a Goddeſs's Command, been forced to confeſs the Truth, would have loſt all their Amiableneſs, and have looked aſkew an hundred Ways at once, to denote the many little Plots ſhe was forming to do Miſchief: Her Skin would have become black and hard, as an Emblem of her Mind; her Limbs diſtorted, and her Nails would have been changed into crooked Talons, which, however, ſhould have had Power to ſhrink in ſuch a Manner, as that the Unwary might come near enough (without Suſpicion) to be got into her Clutches. Not a Metamorphoſis in all *Ovid* could be more ſurprizing than her's would have been, was this Mirror of Truth to have been held to her. I have really ſhuddered with Horror at the Image my own Fancy has preſented me; and notwithſtanding all her Cruelty to me, nay, what is much more, to my dear *Valentine*, my Indignation never could riſe ſo high, as to wiſh her the Puniſhment to ſee herſelf in this Glaſs, unleſs it could have been a Means of her Amendment.

SHE never abuſed us; but found Means to work on our Tempers in ſuch a Manner, as in my Father's Sight always to make us appear in the Wrong. She knew I could not bear the leaſt Slight from any one I loved without Diſtraction, and therefore ſhe would contrive, by all the Methods ſhe could invent, to touch me in that tender Point, and to raiſe me into ſuch a Height of Paſſion, as might make me behave in a Manner to be condemned by my Father. *Valentine* ſeldom ſaid any Thing, he bore all with Patience; but unleſs he too would have joined in tormenting me, he was never to be forgiven; beſides, ours was looked on by her as a common Intereſt, and he was as great an Offence to her Sight as I was. When

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ſhe had worked me up to a Pitch, in which perhaps I might drop an unguarded Word, ſhe was then in her Kingdom; for as ſhe was cool, and all on her Side was Deſign, ſhe knew how to play her Part. She was always *ſorry* I was *ſo paſſionate:* As to her, ſhe *loved me* ſo well, ſhe could put up with any Thing from me; but as ſhe was my *Father's Wife*, ſhe thought it a *Diſreſpect to him*, and ſhe could *not bear* the Thoughts of any one's treating him otherwiſe than they ought to do, and as ſhe was ſure *he deſerved* from every Body. On ſuch Occaſions he ſat all the While wondering and admiring at her Goodneſs, and Bleſſing himſelf at the great Love he ſaw ſhe had for him. I was aſtoniſhed at her giving Things that Turn, and ſhe triumphed in finding how eaſily ſhe could make every Thing go to her Wiſh; but ſtill ſhe had not done, ſhe muſt do Acts of Supererogation, and interceded with my Father not to be angry with me, for ſhe really believed it was only Paſſion. He had not yet got ſo much the better of the long Affection he had for me, but he was glad to find any Excuſe to be reconciled to me.

THUS ſhe flattered him, by engaging him to follow his own Inclinations, at the ſame Time that ſhe diſplayed her own Goodneſs. By Means like theſe, ſhe increaſed his Eſteem for her, while ſhe deſerved his Deteſtation: Then ſhe would come into the beſt Humour in the World, and appear as if there was nothing more in it than an accidental Diſpute, which was all over; ſhe would be ſo like her former Self, that for ſeveral Times ſhe deceived me, and I began to imagine I fancied Things, which had no Exiſtence but in my own Brains. Thus barbarouſly ſhe often took Pains to pull me off the Rack, only that ſhe might have the Pleaſure when I was almoſt healed and well, to torture me again: for to behave inconſiſtently, ſometimes well, and ſometimes ill, is the greateſt Curſe, a Mind diſpoſed to Love, can ever meet with.

MY Brother and I looked with Horror on the Conſequences of the expenſive ſort of Life *Livia* was drawing her Huſband into; and yet as we ſaw it impoſſible to prevent it, we commanded ourſelves enough to be ſilent. But this was not ſufficient; the Dread we had of what our Father

ther would be brought to, broke out in our Countenances in ſpite of any Reſolutions we could form to the contrary. This ſhe inſinuated was owing to Selfiſhneſs in us, and a Fear leſt we ſhould have the leſs for what ſhe ſpent. As my Father could not reſiſt giving Way to her Deſires in every Reſpect, and obſerved our Diſapprobation of it in our Faces, he began to look upon us as Bars to his Pleaſures, and the Reproachers of his Actions; which by Degrees leſſened his Affections for us in ſuch a Manner, that he eſteemed us rather as his Enemies than his Children.

THUS my Father's Houſe, which uſed to be my *Aſylum* from all Cares, and the Comfort of my Life, was converted by this Woman's Management into my greateſt Torment; and my Condition was as miſerable, as a Perſon's would be, who had loſt the beſt Friend he had in the World, and was to be haunted hourly by his Ghoſt; and that not in the pleaſing Form in which he uſed to place his Delight, but with a Face made grim with Death, and furious with ſome Perturbation of Spirit. Such now was my Father become to me, inſtead of that Kind, that fond, that partial Approver of every Thing I ſaid or did; my every Action was diſpleaſing to him, and he never ſaw me, but his Looks expreſſed that Anger and Diſlike, which pierced me to the Soul; whatever Thing I wanted, was too much for me: And though I denied myſelf every Thing but the bare Neceſſaries of Life, yet all the Expence of the Family was imputed to me and my Brother. All the Servants in the Houſe finding it their Intereſt to be as diſobliging as they could to us, took Care not to be too officious in ſerving us. Such mercenary Wretches were below my Notice; but yet their Behaviour was ſhocking to me, as it was one of the Proofs of the Decay of my Father's Love.

DAVID here interrupted her, by ſaying, "That ſhe "was very much in the Right, for there was nothing ſo "ſtrong a Proof, that the Maſter of a Houſe has no "Regard for us, as the conſtant Miſbehaviour of his "Servants towards us; he had had the melancholy Ex"perience of it: But he thought ſhe was miſtaken, in "thinking any Station could make People below her No"tice; for as to him, there was nothing in Life he at-

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" tended to more earneſtly than the Behaviour of thoſe " Men, whoſe want of Education ſhewed more openly, " and with leſs Diſguiſe, what their Natures were: in- " deed hitherto his Obſervations of that Kind had given " him but a melancholy Proſpect." His Eyes expreſſed ſo much Sorrow as he ſpoke this, and his Mind appeared ſo affected, that *Camilla* gave him a thouſand Thanks for the good-natured Part he took in her Afflictions, and ſaid, ſhe would now take Leave of him, it being late, and to-morrow would reſume her Story.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.


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